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"What about Jill driving one car, and you travelling back in the other with me, Madeline?" I suggested.

FAST GIRL

By TED SCHURMANN

THINGS had been slack all day, so when the phone rang Norman and I both grabbed at it. I won. When I heard the voice on the other end of the line I was glad I'd won.

"Rainbow Car Service," I said.

She, the owner of the voice, said: "I want to be at Main Station by five."

I glanced at the clock on the wall. It said ten to five.

"Sorry, lady. Can't make it."

"But my address is just round the corner from your place, and —"

"Sorry. It's a fifteen-minute trip into town."

"Well, pick me up, anyway. I want to see a friend off and the train might be a bit late. Hurry." She gave her address.

I dropped the receiver and jumped up.

Norm said: "I'll go if you like."

"No, thanks. I want to see anything that goes with a voice like that."

I wasn't disappointed. She was waiting in front of her place, and I didn't have to pull up. She had opened the door and was in the car quicker than you could wink.

She said: "All right, get going."

I protested: "I am going."

"Well, get going properly."

Our firm is small, but it's promising, and we have a reputation for safe driving that we're rather proud of. I said: "Sorry, no faster than this."

"Well, will you hop out and let me take the wheel?"

"That's against the rules, too," I told her.

She said: "I can see I should have taken a tram."

"You can get a tram home again."

"Stop talking and concentrate on getting across these corners before the red lights come on."

The big clock at the station pointed to five past five as we pulled in. The girl said: "Wait here. If I've missed the train you can take me home again."

She was back in a couple of minutes.

"Bad luck," I said, "you missed it."

"Do you think you can get me home in time for six o'clock dinner?"

I ignored that and pressed the starter. As we moved off, she sat back in the seat and relaxed. I decided I'd never had another passenger so nice to look at, and I decided to make the trip last. I drove slowly.

She said: "What's the hurry?"

"No hurry."

"You're telling me."

I said: "Great weather."

"Oh, heck." She shrugged impatiently. "Must we talk about the weather?"

"Not necessarily," I grinned, and asked her blandly: "Do you believe in love at first sight?"

She frowned prettily. "Are you sure you're allowed to talk to your passengers?"

"I always felt I'd know the real thing as soon as it hit me."

"What hit you—a train?"

"No the real thing."

"You bore me," she said.

"It's a boring life."

"I wouldn't complain if I were you. Driving round in a beautiful car all day."

"I have my moments. Like when a handsome girl rings me up and asks——"

"Why don't you make your job interesting?"

"That's an idea," I said. I stopped the car.

"No, rabbit head," she said sharply. "I mean why don't you tear along a bit? You could have a lot of fun in a car like this."

"I get it. You're a fast girl."

"I'm fond of speed, if that's what you mean. Get going."

I started again. "Every year," I told her, "speed kills more people than measles."

"You're pretty safe," she said.

"Some day I'll take you out on an open highway and open this bus out, just to see if I can't make you happy."

"It's an idea."

"It's a date," I said.

I got to her address and pulled up. "About this date——"

"You'd better come in," she said. "I like the way you tie your tie."

She took me in and I met mother and father and sister Jill. Jill was a slightly plainer edition of Madeline herself.

Someone inquired: "Did you get the train?"

"No, but I met a man with a car."

Jill said to me: "Have you got a car?"

"I've got two. An old one and a new one. Together they make a taxi service."

"What an interesting man!" Jill said.

"He's got a beautiful car," Madeline said.

Before I went I'd fixed the date to take Madeline for a spin on the open road in that same beautiful car.

I'm not sure whether I enjoyed that date or not. On the one hand it was nice being out in the open country on a fine sunny day with Madeline. That part was all right, especially Madeline. But there was that uneasy feeling which started when Madeline said she wanted to drive.

We had cruised along for a while, then when we came to a straight stretch I trod a bit harder and reached what I considered a pretty good speed.

Please turn to page 4

John Mills

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Fast Girl

Continued from page 3

MADELINE said: "You promised to go fast to-day."

"We've just been fast."

"That'd be fast if you were walking. Slide along and I'll show you what I mean."

I didn't want to, but it was Madeline asking, and already I was planning that some day she was to say "Yes" to one big question, and I figured that it wouldn't help the cause any if I said "No" now. So I slid along the seat, and she hopped across under the wheel.

Well, I won't say Madeline couldn't drive, because I believe she held a driver's licence and probably knew something about controlling a car and perhaps even a few of the rules of the road. But it was her craze for speed that terrified.

But we survived the afternoon, and when we got back to her home she invited me in for tea. Her family greeted me warmly.

Jill said: "You're just the man I want to see."

"Aren't you lucky?" I said.

She ignored that. She went on as though I hadn't spoken, "I've been hearing a lot about your car——"

"And nothing about me?"

Again she ignored my interruption and went straight on—"and I was wondering if some day you would allow me the use of your car to catch up with my driving? You see, I have had some lessons——"

"Look, I'm sorry," I interrupted her. She could not have chosen a worse time to ask me, right after the harrowing experience I'd had with sister Madeline. "As a matter of fact, we never allow anyone else to drive our cars, and——"

"Madeline has just been telling me that she drove one this afternoon."

She had me there. I thought for a while.

"That was a special privilege," I said at length.

"Why the privilege?" she asked coolly.

I thought for a while again. "You've got a very nice sister."

"You think so? What say you and I go for a drive one day and I'll tell you a few things about her?"

"I'll take you for a drive any day. You know our fares and our phone number. And if I'm not there, my assistant——"

"I don't mean that kind of a drive. I mean that you and I ought to get to know each other a little better."

"I don't doubt we shall."

"You mean you're not interested?" she inquired.

"Yes I am," I told her, "but I still think you've got an adorable sister."

I drove back to the office. Norman was there with an evening paper. He said: "When's the wedding?"

"Oh, heck, I forgot to ask her."

"Seems to me you're getting nowhere."

"Not that bad. But there are complications."

"Well?"

"She likes to drive and she can't. And the kid sister's trying to cut in."

Norman grinned. "Flatter yourself a bit, don't you, mate?"

"The sister is not as beautiful as Madeline."

"I see. Cinderella complex."

"Probably," I replied. "But my main worry is that next time Madeline asks me to let her drive I'll have to say no. She thinks an accelerator is something you press down until it touches the floor."

Norman said firmly: "Next time you go, take the other bus. You've got to tread hard on that to make it go."

"An inspired flash, Norman, old boy. Thank you."

So I made another date with Madeline and turned up in our older bus. She came out of her gate, looking at the car and frowning.

"You brought this thing?" she said.

"It's the second-best car we've got."

She pouted. "You've spoilt everything for me. I've always thought about you as the man with the beautiful car."

"It's a thrill to know you've been thinking about me," I said.

"I'll tell you what. Leave me home to-day and take my sister Jill for a spin. She's so keen to catch up with her driving."

"But——"

Her voice became coaxing. "You'll do that for me, won't you? Please."

I said: "I suppose you're being what is referred to as hard to get?"

"I might be caught with the right kind of bait." She nodded towards the car. "I'll go and tell Jill."

I sat in the car and waited for Jill. She wasn't long.

"Hullo," she greeted me.

I grunted at her. She got in beside me and shut the door. I went by the shortest route into the country. Neither of us had spoken until I pulled up the car and said: "All right, it's your turn now."

She looked surprised. "You mean my turn to drive?"

"Yes. You want to, don't you?"

She shook her head. "Not any more. Just let's sit and talk."

"What's there to talk about?"

She said: "Madeline's very fond of your car."

"I'm very fond of Madeline."

"I know . . ."

"So what?"

She traced the circles on the dashboard dials with her finger. "You think I'm butting in, don't you?" she said.

"Well, aren't you?"

"Yes. I like you. I want to help you."

"You mean you want to lure me away from Madeline?"

"I wouldn't mind doing that, either. What I'm trying to do is to help you get what you want."

I stared at her. "You mean you're on my side?"

"Exactly," she nodded. "You're stupid about Madeline. All right, so our job is to get her stupid about you. At present she's just plain stupid."

"You mean——"

"I mean that, at the moment, to her you're just a man with a car."

"So I've failed to impress?"

"Yes. She thinks you don't drive fast enough."

"Speed-crazy, that's what she is. I've known reckless drivers before," I told her, "who've been in an accident or had a narrow escape. They've quietened down after that."

"Madeline would be dead before she was scared."

"Anyway," I said, "I'll let her drive the other car again a few times and hope that the novelty will soon wear off."

"I hope so, too," Jill said. "Now I'd like to drive."

I gave her the wheel. She drove well and sensibly.

"I love driving," Jill said. "How far can I go?"

"As far as you like." I settled back in the seat and got comfortable. I must have got too comfortable, because I went to sleep. When I woke up we had stopped.

Jill was saying: "I hate to tell you this, but there's something wrong."

I checked up and found that we were out of petrol, and I remembered then that Norm had mentioned that the gauge was out of order.

Jill said: "You're awfully unlucky, aren't you?"

"Why—running out of petrol?"

"No—because Madeline didn't come."

"She would have thought I'd done it on purpose," I said. "I can see a house on the horizon. Coming, or do you want to wait in the car?"

"I'll come," Jill said.

The people who lived in the house could not give us any petrol, but they let me use the telephone. I was unable to raise our place—apparently Norm had gone home. I told Jill I was in a spot, because there was no phone at Norm's home.

"Well, why not ring Madeline?" she suggested brightly. "She can go and tell him to come out."

"I like your brains," I told her. "That's an idea."

I rang, and Madeline came to the phone. Madeline, with the lovely voice. I told her what had happened and asked her to dig up Norman and get him to come out with some petrol. She said she would.

Jill and I went back to the car and waited. We hadn't been waiting long when I spotted the good car coming.

"Norm's not driving that," I said, "because he doesn't drink."

The car was being driven like mad. When it got very near it pulled up suddenly, after a brake application that must have taken a hundred miles off the life of the tyres.

Madeline got out, looking very vivacious.

"I've brought you some petrol. Thank you for letting me bring it."

"That wasn't my idea," I said, "but it's good to see you."

I took the drum of petrol and filled the tank of the older car. I suggested that Jill drive one car and that Madeline travel in the other with me. But Madeline wanted to drive the good car herself, and when she looked at me and pleaded I wilted.

"All right," I said. "But I'll go first in the old car and you mustn't pass me."

Jill got in with Madeline and away we went. In my driving-mirror I could see their car, sitting right on my tail, and I knew that Madeline would be itching to pass me and to get speeding.

Suddenly she could hold back no longer. The car shot past me and away. I realised just as suddenly that here was the wrong part of the road for this to happen. Right up in front of us was a curve, the type of curve that took quite a bit of manipulating even when approached at a sane speed.

I saw the car in front of me swing into that curve. I saw the beginning of a skid as the car went out of sight. I felt sick and helpless, and as I came round the curve I expected to see the wreckage of the good car.

It was not wrecked, but a few chains along the road it had stopped and the two girls were standing beside it. I pulled up and jumped out.

The usually sparkling Madeline was pale and trembling. She was trying to speak but finding it difficult.

". . . Nearly an accident . . . terrible fright . . . never, never . . . never go fast again . . ."

"You shouldn't be allowed on the road!" I snapped at her. I was properly angry. "You're a menace!"

"I won't—I'll never——"

"I'll say you won't. Not with Jill in the car with you, anyway." That's what I said before I realised I was saying it.

Jill said: "Me! You mean——"

"Yes, I mean you. I didn't know. I didn't know myself, until I thought you were going to get smashed up in the car just now."

Jill said: "What a pity you didn't know before when we were out of petrol. Never mind, there'll be other times. Now, jump in the car, Madeline, and I'll drive you home. Nice and slowly."

(Copyright)

HAZEL

"Growing a lot of vegetables for just two people, aren't you, Mr. Wallace?"

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A THOUSAND LOOKED ON

By A. E. MARTIN

Our absorbing mystery serial rises to an exciting climax

FROM his position on the stage, Randle, the manager, grinned down at Inspector Gormley, who was still staring across the footlights at the prostrate figure of Bob Struthers.

"I deserve a little applause," Randle said, and to the detective's relief Struthers shuffled himself into a sitting position and turned his back so that Gormley could see the haft of the knife between his shoulder-blades. At the same time he called, "O.K. Nice work, Janie. Come and take a bow."

There was no response, and he called more loudly: "Janie."

Randle looked at him, and suddenly Bob was on his feet, the knife still in his back, shouting, "Janie," then both men were rushing into the wings. Gormley dashed through the entrance to the box and gained the stage in a few moments, to find Strutners on his knees supporting the girl, with Randle beside him.

"Painted?" Gormley asked.

"Someone hit her," Randle said. He pulled out a flask.

"Well, don't give her that. Not yet, anyway," Gormley said, and looked about him.

Janie was lying just behind Flaxman's back-cloth, alongside a table which Alvinado used in his act. On it was a piece of chamois leather and a section of the Mexican's gear—a silvered affair with golden stars set on spikes radiating from a parent rod.

His foot touched something, and, stooping, he picked from the floor a long black rod.

He wondered whether something had fallen on the girl, and gazed upward into the gloomy flies. Bob, his arms about her, cried: "Janie, what happened?"

She opened her eyes, uncomprehending, then slowly light came, and she began to squirm herself into a sitting position.

"Take it easy," Gormley said.

She said slowly, looking at Bob: "I did as you said" and paused.

"Yes, yes," he said. "That was splendid, Janie. And then?"

"And then I felt a smack here"—she touched the back of her head—"and here"—she touched her shoulder—"and—and that's all."

Randle said: "If anyone conked her, he's still in the theatre. We could search."

"We will," Gormley said grimly. "In the meantime there's this." He indicated the knife sticking in Bob's back. "I hope it isn't hurting."

Bob gave a little laugh. "No, you can pull it out."

Janie got to her feet, her hand feeling the back of her head, as Gormley removed the knife. It made a little squeaking sound as it came out. He asked: "What are you, a freak?"

"Someone hit her," Randle said, looking down at the girl.

Randle explained. "It's a cork pad under the coat. I got him a coat, you'll notice, the same color as your Mr. X's."

Gormley said patiently: "I'd like to see it from this side. I didn't see much from the stalls." He looked at Janie. "That's if the lady——"

"It isn't necessary," Bob said. "I'll do it and we'll take it for granted Mr. X is in front."

Randle said: "Shouldn't we look round first?" and Gormley shrugged. "You said yourself he can't get out," he replied, his eyes on Janie. She had risen, and, picking up the rod from the table where Gormley had set it, was fitting it into the polished aluminium section with the golden stars. She held it high above her head.

"That is held like that by Rosa Alvinado while her husband shoots the stars," she explained.

Bob, pretending to hold a rifle, said, "Bang-bang-bang-bang-bang." Janie exclaimed: "Voila!" and made a jerky upward movement.

The aluminium section shot out of the rod she was holding and Bob caught it deftly as it fell. Setting it on the table, he took the rod from the girl and turned to the detective.

"Now, Mr. Gormley, instead of the gadget with the stars, fit into this rod the handle of the knife."

Gormley did as suggested. The rounded, tapering point dropped into the aperture and the haft sank half way to the blade. Bob handed the rod to the detective.

"See how it grips," he said. "You wouldn't have to be close to anyone to kill him with that."

Gormley took the long rod, by now a formidable spear.

"Now, Mr. Gormley," Bob said, "keep your finger on this spring. Rosa Alvinado presses it to release the top section of her gear before she tosses it in the air." He went to the hanging curtain behind Flaxman's set and felt about, finding at last a small slit.

"Specially made by Janie before she stabbed me," he said. "Someone stole Flaxman's cloth and replaced it with this one in case the hole he'd made should be discovered."

He went on, "If you like you can try your hand at stabbing me," but Gormley said, "I get it. A sudden thrust, the knife in the back, press the spring and release the grip and withdraw the rod, leaving the knife in the wound."

"Then wipe away prints with this chamois," Janie said.

"That's what I think happened," Bob said. "It's a black rod. Against the black curtain you can't see it. Janie was wiggling the rod at you and you didn't know. Even if anyone actually saw the thing happen they'd swear the knife flew through the air."

Gormley objected: "It would be a stab in the dark."

"Not so much as you'd think, Mr. Gormley," Randle said. "I know Flaxman's act backwards. He might vary his talk but the routine is the same. The stabber knew just where to thrust. The committeemen sit in the same position each show, two one end, his plant at the other end.

"In this case it was that actor fellow till the chap in the audience started making a row and took his place. I've been wondering whether he wasn't a plant, too."

"Have you?" Gormley asked, dryly. He looked at Bob. "You seem to have it at your finger tips, young man." His eyes went to Janie. "And now," he said, "perhaps we'd better look round and see can we find the gentleman who struck you?"

They began with Bunce's property room, peering behind mountains of furniture, opening trunks, shifting the miscellaneous collection of odd articles aside without avail.

Gormley, crossing the stage to call the constable from outside, found an Indian club on the floor. "The weapon, anyhow," he said, and picked it up carefully with his handkerchief.

Apart from that, however, a thorough search upstairs and through stalls and gallery proved fruitless.

Raifdle went to restore Alvinado's props and the knife to his dressing-room. When he had gone, Gormley said: "All this had better be kept quiet." Later he let Randle go, cautioning silence, and took Janie and Bob along to the stage-door keeper's box.

"Charlie," he said, "you remember the telephone message you received on Saturday night. The one I spoke to you about."

The old attendant, hand to ear, said: "Yes, of course. Why?"

Gormley handed Bob the notes Janie had given him and pointed to a passage. "Read 'em to him," he ordered.

Bob cleared his throat. He read, loudly: "The stage-door man was answering the telephone. He seemed to be a bit annoyed. I think he was writing something on a pad. He said a little angrily: 'Yes, yes. I got it on my pad. Millicent Hope. What? M for Merchant, I for Iago, L for Laertes, L for Laertes again!'"

"That'll do," Gormley said. "Charlie, were those the words you used over the phone to the lady?"

"I've told you. I spelled out the full name for her. She was dead anxious Flaxman should get it right."

"Now, Charlie," Gormley said. "Be very careful how you answer. Did you spell out the name twice?"

The stage-door man looked surprised. "No," he said. "Why should I? She wasn't deaf."

"Just one more question. Do you get many telephone messages for Mr. Flaxman? From ladies?"

Charlie grinned. "Do I? They're always on his tail. He told me to stave 'em off. He's a nice man, Mr. Flaxman. Generous. Different to some I could mention. Sent me a bottle o' beer last night."

"Indeed!" Gormley's eyebrows lifted. "Very nice of him. You were on duty late?"

"All night. It's my all-night week."

"You heard nothing unusual during the night?"

"Not a thing." The old man yawned.

Outside, Gormley said to Janie and Bob: "Listen, you two, there's something requires explaining. How comes it, Struthers, that you did not see the other man who heard the message—the message over the phone?"

They stared at him blankly. Bob said: "What other man? There was no one there."

The detective didn't speak, and Janie said impulsively, "Mr. Gormley, someone told you he heard that. He was lying. But how did he know?"

Gormley began to light a cigarette. "Things are falling into place," he said. "He knew, because Miss Millicent Hope had told him she was going to ring at that time and coax the old boy into spelling her name out."

"Millicent Hope?" Bob said. "Where does she come into the picture?"

"Don't you worry your head about that," Gormley said. "You've done enough for to-day. Carry on up at the old dark house. Do whatever Mrs. Lindel wants and keep your mouths closed."

He looked at Janie solicitously. "You go home and rest, young lady. It's my opinion Millicent Hope tried to do you in."

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CLASS WILL TELL

By REX BEACH

IT was raining, so Joe Devlin pulled into the line and waited for the theatres to break. Time was when he had worked the theatres every night, but now that Macushla, his cab, was a has-been, he did so only in bad weather.

Well, the day was coming when there wouldn't be any underprivileged classes. No top-hatted punks and white-caped broads like the pair who just now scurried out through the drizzle and flung themselves into the musty interior of Macushla.

Of course the dame put up a squawk—Joe knew she would. Her dress would be ruined; there should be a law against jalopies like this, she'd complained.

About 1 a.m. he pulled up in front of the Greek's, as usual, for a hamburger.

Kovacs, the cop, greeted Joe: "Hiya, Joe!"

"Hiya, flatfoot!"

"That guy you hauled last night says I ought to run you off this stand. These old kettles are a menace to traffic, he says." Kovacs eyed the cab disapprovingly. "Seems like you'd at least give her a coat of paint, Joe."

"With what?"

"With part of your gin money. You should be driving for one of the companies and have a new model every year and maybe a wife or a chicken farm."

"I wouldn't wolk for a co-operation. That's what's wrong with this country——"

"Can it, Joe! What ails you lately?"

The unkempt cabby shrugged. "It must be something I haven't et. There ain't much ails us underprivileged folks that three squares a day wouldn't cure. But when——"

"You'd get yours if that hearse had a coat of shellac. But no! Every dollar you get goes for tonsil varnish." The speaker moved away.

From the foregoing it may be inferred that Joe Devlin was not a pleasant person, and anything but a model citizen.

That is correct. As a matter of fact, he had lately suffered the impact of repeated setbacks, large and small, until he took a perverse satisfaction in posing as a magnificent malcontent.

He was meditating upon Kovacs' criticism when a fare approached in the person of a young man with a load—with two loads. The fellow zigzagged and he carried a two-handled laundry-basket, the contents of which were concealed under a white cloth.

When Joe flipped the cab door open the young man carefully placed the basket inside.

"Thanks!" he said; then, "Have you ever committed a murder?"

Mr. Devlin showed his missing teeth in a mirthless grin. "Not yet. But I've been tempted."

"Can I engage you to act as an accessory to that hideous crime?"

"Why not? Anything once."

The young man peered myopically at Joe, then nodded. "Yes! You're the perfect type to further crime at the rate of twenty cents for the first quarter-mile."

"What you got there? A baby?"

"Precisely! My wife, also a sentimentalist, is in a refined alcoholic stupor. She loves the little fellow as dearly as I do."

"Listen, you!" Devlin exclaimed. He twisted out of his seat, reached back into the cab, and snatched the coverlet from the basket. After a moment he said, flatly, "A pooch!"

In the padded interior of the basket lay a jet-black Scottie. It was very sick. The owner sagged forward, stroked the little creature with a gentle hand, and murmured softly to it.

"See! He doesn't know me! There's nothing more we can do except have him put out of his misery."

"Says who?"

"The doctor . . . Here!" Into Joe's hand the owner pressed a card. "You read it; I can't!"

"D'you expect to find a vet this time of night? . . . If you're bent on moidering the little fellow, whyn't you take a tyre iron to him? Is that any woise than chlorofoam? If I had a sick dog, no vet would tell me——"

"Cabby!" The young man laid a hand upon Joe's arm. "You've got a sick dog! Thanks a million, and what a relief!"

"You talk like crazy."

"He's yours—basket, bedding, and all—plus this genuine early-American ten-dollar bill."

After an instant, Joe said, "Okeydoke! The pooch may quit a loser, but I can't. If he gets well, he's mine. I can sell him or—anything. Right?"

"Poshitively! And he's a champion."

"Would he fetch maybe—twenty-five bucks?"

The drunk drew himself erect. He was offended, shocked.

"I paid five hundred dollars for that tiny bit of canine aristocracy. He springs from a line of noblemen and is entitled by birth to stand hatted in the presence of the king." The speaker made off in a diagonal direction as if one leg were shorter than the other.

A couple of weeks later, Devlin told Kovacs about his encounter with the man and the sick dog.

"To myself I says, 'If one guy will pay half a grand for a dog, there must be another'—I mean, if the pooch got well. There's a dame runs a dog jernt right back of where I room—a big Swede—so I pulled her out of bed.

"Well, sir, when she saw that pooch you'd of thought he was a Roosevelt! I stayed there the balance of the night and it was a week before she'd let him out of her hands."

"How's he making out?"

"Swell! Now the Svenska says I gotta have his pettycree or nobody will sink heavy dough in him."

"Sure! If you had that, a hundred bucks would be nothing." Kovacs was really impressed. "I'd like to see a five-hundred-dollar fleabag."

"Yeah?" With something of a gesture Devlin flung open the front door of his cab. On the floor beside him, asleep on a folded comforter, was a shapeless ink-black object which he picked up.

It yawned languidly, feebly its tail wagged, its tongue caressed his cheek. He stepped out, placed the animal upon its short legs, and stroked it; bravely its tail rose, then it lurched away and sniffed at the nearby hydrant.

"Look! He ain't got the stren'th to go two rounds and yet he has to know all the sporting news. Attaboy, Blowout! Read it and weep!"

"Blowout?"

"That's what I call him. When he gets his schnozzle into a pan of chow, he swells up like an inner tube."

"I bet my kid would go for him." Kovacs eyed the animal. "How about me taking him home for——"

"For five hunnerd bucks?"

"Quit clowning. I mean, you can't look after a sick dog in a taxi."

"He ain't sick, and who says I can't!" Devlin picked the little fellow up and returned him to his bed. "I never as yet ast a cop to hold my bankroll."

To a person who considered himself thoroughly case-hardened it was embarrassing to become an object of affection, but that is what happened to Joe Devlin. Daily it became more evident that Blowout thought he was tops and had adopted him.

The dog had begun to show his feelings as soon as the fever diminished. His tail twitched a feeble thank you for every favor, into his eyes came a light.

"Can that stuff, sucker!" Joe broke out angrily one day when he found the dog's gaze fixed adoringly upon him. "You don't owe me nothin'. It's all down on the cuff."

On a later occasion he spoke even more irritably: "All right! I done you a good toin. So what? Did I do it because my heart bled? Nerts! All you stand for is the down-payment on a new cab. I hate soft guys!"

As a matter of fact, there was nothing soft about Blowout. He was a gallant, independent little creature, and by the time he was strong enough to walk without stumbling over his big feet his tail began to lose its droop. Daily he carried it a little higher, until finally it stood jauntily over his back, a symbol of bravery, boldness, good cheer, and self-reliance.

Hedda Hedstrom, the Swedish vet lady, finally announced that it was time to pluck him. When she explained what that meant Joe was horrified.

"Have a heart, Headstrong!" he exclaimed. "How'd you like me to yank out them corn tassels of yours?"

"It ent jank and it ent hurt," the woman told him. She took a saw-toothed blade and demonstrated the plucking procedure.

"All right. How much?"

"Tree dollars."

"Three—" Devlin glared at the speaker. "Gimme that pooch!"

"Isn't he cute!" the girl exclaimed when Joe made Blowout sit up.

The lady's moon face slowly clouded; ominously she inquired, "Vare you stole this har dog?"

"I didn't steal him. A guy give him——"

"No name! No bill of sale! No papers!" The china-blue eyes narrowed. "Aye tank Aye call the police."

"You know yourself, the pooch was as good as dead! The guy slipped me ten bucks——"

"Aye tank Aye call the police."

"O.K.! Three bucks it is. Give him the woiks; fix him proper. The better he looks, the sooner I get my money out; only I never spent that kind of dough on myself."

"You ent no t'oro'bred," said Miss Hedstrom. "Blowout is fine yentleman; you're a common mutt!"

When Joe called back for the dog he was genuinely astonished at the transformation.

The Scottie no longer resembled a cub bear. His fur was as soft and velvety to Joe's touch as sealskin; the tangled fringe on belly and forelegs had been combed out and brushed; tail, eyebrows, beard had been trimmed, shaped, squared; he smelled clean and wholesome.

Obviously an animal as stylish as this could not be led by a cord, so Devlin drove to a Madison Avenue shop to buy a collar and leash.

"What a gorgeous Scottie!" said the clerk as he fitted a plaid collar to Blowout's neck. "Who does he belong to?"

Joe began a quick burn at that but managed to mumble, "He belongs to a taximan on the East Side."

"We have some amusing canine toys."

Dog toys! Joe had never heard of such a thing. Why, the kids in his neighborhood didn't have toys! Kids starving while pettycreed dogs played with dolls! That showed how things were going in the country.

He inhaled, preparatory to freeing his soul of a vast indignation when he heard a feminine squeal, and a Park Avenue niffle swooped down upon Blowout. She was followed by her mother a majestic luxury liner with a wide promenade deck. They made a scene over the dog and beamed upon Joe.

Before he knew it, he was showing them how Blowout could sit up, while the girl squealed, "Isn't he cute!"

Kovacs was more than enthusiastic at the dog's appearance. "Is that class!" he exclaimed. "You've got to let me borrow him."

"Yeah?"

"The missus would get a laugh——"

"Lay off, bunion beater!"

Sombrely Patrolman Kovacs regarded the speaker.

"I've been thinking," said he. "Did anybody see that supposed drunk give you the dog? No. Has anybody ever laid eyes on the party, if such there be? He was a tall party with a shirt, you say. Remarkable! He just hauled off and gave you a five-hundred-dollar bone mill!" Kovacs pursed his lips.

"Flatfoot!" said Joe, and the cab leaped under him.

Twice in one day his title to Blowout had been questioned. Wouldn't it be his luck to lose 500 dollars good hard money.

Stopping at the nearest drugstore, he consulted the classified phone book, but none of the veterinaries' names recalled the one on the card that had been handed to him, so he made a complete list of the cat and dog shops and determined to start a systematic canvass the next day.

Please turn to page 22

See and hear the "COMBINETTE" — the new STROMBERG-CARLSON Radio Phonograph with automatic record-changer

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4780585

New Yorkers

★ America's top-ranking designers created the five beautiful gowns shown here, and the one on our cover this week, which is a Marie Krum model. These color pictures, showing all the latest trends in formal and informal evening gowns being worn in America, come to The Australian Women's Weekly by special arrangement.

BEN REIG takes black Chantilly lace and puts it over poppy-red taffeta for a cobwebby effect. The long sleeves and ankle-length skirt make it suitable for informal dress-up occasions worn with sandals.

KIVIETTE'S Indian-red taille-taffeta gown has a butterfly bodice to heighten the drama of the low-cut back, held by jewelled straps. The bustle is made over horsehair stiffening and is wired to stand out over slightly trained skirt.

MAURICE RENTNER'S black net rhumba gown has its shirred bodice boned so that it stands up independently of the sleeves, which can be worn off the shoulders.

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NETTIE ROSENSTEIN designs a white crepe gown with long, tight sleeves and back-dipping skirt. Its simplicity is unrelieved, except for the gold paillette embroidery at the hip to emphasise its attractive modified figure-eight silhouette.

JOSEPH HALPERT drapes a simple gown in American Beauty red crepe. He uses Grecian-type drapery to give the illusion of the trend to fullness, while maintaining graceful, slender lines. Wide cummerbund pulls in the waistline.

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BY APPOINTMENT TO HIS MAJESTY KING GEORGE VI — BY APPOINTMENT TO HER LATE MAJESTY QUEEN VICTORIA

G. B. Kent and Sons Ltd., Brushmakers

Beauty Secret

Every woman has beautiful hair, but so often neglect of the scalp and hair roots causes the hair to lose natural sheen and vitality. Your hairdresser will tell you that constant massage with brushing is the best way to restore natural beauty to the hair, because the bristles penetrate right through to the scalp.

The best brush for this purpose is . . .

JEAN KENT, famous English Screen Star, agrees—The Kent-Cosby "Allure" perfumed hairbrush improves and beautifies the hair.

KENT-COSBY (PATENT)

PERFUME PAD

- REFILL TAKES OUT TO WASH
- HANDLEBACK NEVER SPOILT BY WATER
- ABSOLUTE CLEANLINESS AT BRUSH BASE

"Allure"

PERFUME HAIRBRUSH

You can buy the Kent-Cosby "Allure" Hairbrush at better chemists, hairdressers and stores. Trade enquiries to Hillcastle (Pty.) Ltd. in all States.

Brushes beauty and fragrance into your hair!

HERCO Syd. Registered Trade Mark

Your favourite SKIN LOTION now available as a SKIN CREAM in TUBES

1/3 OBTAINABLE EVERYWHERE

H.SA.16

USE SPARINGLY — IT'S SUPER CONCENTRATED

A Thousand Looked On

Continued from page 5

IT seemed to Inspector Gormley that they were sitting in total darkness. Without the flash of light from the hall, as the door opened to admit him, he would not have known that the woman who took his hand and led him in, pushing him gently into the chair he felt with his knees, was Mrs. Lindel.

He had the briefest glimpse of her strained, white face, the pallor accentuated by her sombre evening gown, and then he could see nothing clearly in the room itself, although he was conscious of still, shadowy figures grouped about him.

In the alcove above, however, he could see Flaxman. The mesmerist was seated his back to the window, at the round rosewood table which had been removed from the room below. A small lamp with a reflector had been set on the table and threw a thin light, like an ineffectual baby-spot, upon his sunken head and hunched shoulders.

His hands were spread, palms upward, on the table. His breathing was heavy, restless, and quite audible a dozen paces away, and, from time to time, he moaned, while convulsive shudders shook the broad shoulders.

If this man were not in a trance, Gormley told himself, he was going to a great deal of trouble. Sitting in the dark in this house so lately touched by death, he had to admit that Flaxman had certainly created an atmosphere.

Gormley wondered how many people were in the room with him; wondered too, whether Mrs. Lindel had told Flaxman he would be present. He had a feeling that those in the darkness alongside him had been there quite a while.

After they had been sitting silently in the dark for what seemed to the detective an interminable time, the mesmerist began to speak. Gormley listened, incredulous. He was no mean linguist himself, but the jargon pouring from Flaxman was no language known to him.

Mrs. Lindel, however, had risen at once as though she had been awaiting a cue, and whispered, "Come," and there was a shuffling as they followed her to the alcove.

Mrs. Lindel took the chair on Flaxman's right, and, without waiting to be directed, Gormley moved quickly to the one on his left. Struthers sat next to Miriam, Janie alongside him. Harry Bunce was between Janie and the detective.

Just the six of them, Gormley noted, and, his eyes accustoming themselves to the dimness, caught a glimpse of something on the table between Bunce and Janie, though he couldn't be sure of its nature.

Dugald emerged from the surrounding shadows and lifted the lamp, saying softly over Miriam's shoulder, "I'll wait by the door—just inside."

He walked slowly down into the room and set the lamp on a small table. Then he turned the reflector so that even the flicker he had left disappeared and all was black.

Mrs. Lindel whispered in the darkness, "Everyone hold hands, please." Gormley, wondering whether all had obeyed, felt round and found Flaxman's limp fingers with his right hand. His left was seized in the rough grasp of Harry Bunce.

Flaxman's deep breathing seemed to gain fresh impetus, and all at once he shuddered and the incoherences poured forth again. Gormley, listening intently, caught the words "gold" and "sun."

There was more mumbling, and then, quite distinctly—"It's hot . . . he is lying in the sun." The mesmerist's fingers writhed in the detective's grasp, and he said with an effort, irritation in every inflection, "Speak . . . speak to him. I can't hold him . . . for ever."

Mrs. Lindel's voice came: "Lionel. It is Miriam . . . your beloved."

Flaxman said hollowly: "His eyes open . . . listen."

There was a pause, and then another voice spoke from the darkness, a surprisingly beautiful voice sonorous and cultured, with the faintest American accent.

"Miriam . . . you called . . . you must have called."

"Lionel!" Mrs. Lindel's voice was scarcely audible. "Oh, beloved, I know you. That dear voice!"

Bob Struthers felt the trembling of her hand, and Gormley, holding fast to Flaxman's writhing fingers, felt Bunce's grip tighten.

The voice came again, but this time haltingly, complainingly.

"Why look at me like this," it said. "Some other time . . . some other time, some other time, I say. I tell you I will come . . . Miriam . . . often . . . now, oh! the heat! I am thirsty, Miriam . . . water . . ."

Miriam cried: "There is water. There, oh, my dear, drink, drink."

There followed a strangled cry, and Gormley felt Bunce's body jerk spasmodically. The hand holding his own leapt up and forward as if it had received an electric shock, taking the detective's with it. When it collapsed upon the table with a little thud, it was holding grimly to two of Gormley's fingers.

Janie, on the other side, felt the same spasm pass through Bunce, found her own hand jerked and lifted and then dropped to the table with the man's nail digging into her wrist.

Miriam was calling chokingly: "There is water, Lionel. Drink—drink." Then from somewhere outside the room a woman screamed, and from far off a voice cried: "Stop! Stop! Don't let him drink. Stop him."

Janie cried, hysterically, "I can't bear it. Put on the light, Dugald! Bob, please."

Dugald's head moved into the orbit of the illumination cast by the table lamp which he turned round, at the same time raising the wick. Gormley shouted: "The switch, man," and in a moment there was a little click and the electric light came on.

Almost at the same instant the door flew open and Hetty Bunce appeared in the entrance. She waited there a few seconds, gibbering, holding towards them a piece of crumpled paper.

Suddenly, she started forward, running through the room, pausing on the first step to the alcove, staring, her eyes full of horror, skinny finger pointing as she stammered: "He—he——"

They followed her gaze and saw Harry Bunce. He was sitting back in his chair, an empty glass on the table before him. He didn't move.

He didn't move because he was dead.

GORMLEY guessed at once what had happened, but he made a quick, expert examination, then his glance swept the room and saw that, of all the living people present, Flaxman alone was seated.

Bob had his arm about Janie, who was hiding her head on his shoulder. Dugald was shuffling towards them from below, blinking, stupidly, carrying the still lighted oil lamp. Something in Miriam's taut face warned the detective and he was in time to catch her as she fell.

Dugald put the lamp down quickly enough and was by her side in a flash, holding her hand, mumbling: "Why did you do it? Why couldn't you let things be?"

Gormley said quickly to Janie: "Snap out of it. Look after this one," and set Mrs. Lindel in a big chair as the girl came to his side. He crossed to where Hetty Bunce was still standing, staring across the table at her dead husband.

She started again: "He did it. He often threat——" and began to laugh hysterically.

Gormley said, sharply: "Steady, now, steady," and when she laughed again smacked her smartly across the cheek with his open palm. The laugh died in her throat, but her sharp little teeth remained bared.

She shouted: "I know. You're all in it. Every one of you. This rotten seance. He'd be here now if it wasn't for your rotten spiritualism."

Gormley glanced quickly about the room. Flaxman's attitude was unchanged. Janie and Dugald were ministering to Mrs. Lindel. Bob said: "Can't I do something?"

Please turn to page 13

Interesting People

M. YVES VALETTE

. . . polar voyager

SMILING young French engineer M. Yves Valette is a guest member of Australian National Antarctic Research Expedition to Macquarie Island. Is making voyage to report on conditions for French Committee of Polar Exploration, which will make research trip next year to Adelie Land in Antarctica. An ace skier, he limbered up for trip with 300-mile trek on skis into little-known mountainous interior of Spitzbergen with two companions.

MISS TESSA HOWLAND

. . . welcomes strangers

PIONEER in a brand-new job for girls in London, Tessa Howland is a car-hostess. A vivacious 21-year-old brunette, she has been engaged by a car-hire company to accompany passengers on long journeys. Much of her work is to collect and deliver foreign visitors from ports and rail termini, so she is constantly boosting British hospitality. Has easy manner, engaging smile. Says: "I love this job. I like people, enjoy meeting them."

LIEUT. J. M. A. PARKER

. . . palace post

NAVAL friendship between Prince Philip, Duke of Edinburgh, and John Parker, son of Captain and Mrs. C. A. Parker, Melbourne, resulted in Lieut. Parker's appointment to post of equerry to Princess Elizabeth and her husband. Pupil of Xavier College, Melbourne, he is 27 years old, served two years in H.M.S. Hood. He married a Wren, has one son. Invalided out of Royal Navy in 1946, he took a job in Glasgow. Was planning to return with his family to Australia.

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Genius Working

"Conference, Mr. Renner," Edna Mae announced as Harvey stopped writing and turned to look at her.

By HENRY NORTON

HARVEY RENNER wrote radio commercials. Yes, Harvey Renner was the type of person who enjoyed writing radio commercials, and with men who knew commercials best it was generally conceded he did a very nice type job.

In an occupation usually noted for oddly assorted garments, glazed eyes, and a tendency to three-day drunks, Harvey was notable. He drank sparingly his neat grey suit just missed being dapper, and his pale, narrow, sensitive face suggested a wealth of calm intellect.

At the moment Harvey was putting the final deft touches to a singing commercial. Strictly from Gilbert and Sullivan, the music, so the internal rhyme scheme had to be fast and tricky without reducing the sponsor's name to unintelligibility.

He was seated at his desk, beating out rhythm with a finger purpled by ditto carbon when Edna Mae Scott put her faultless coiffure into the room.

Edna Mae was Mr. Disbrow's secretary. The ill-informed might cling, if they wished, to the idea that Mr. Disbrow was the brain behind the advertising agency of Yates & Disbrow. Edna Mae knew better.

Were she ever to leave Mr. Disbrow for any of the reasons that kept coming to her mind, the entire enterprise would, she was sure, fold up.

Edna Mae, having a deep-rooted respect for the symptoms of genius at work, waited quietly; after a moment Harvey stopped writing and turned to look at her.

The sunlight from the reception-room beyond touched her hair and built a small, leaping fire among her blonde-gold curls. Harvey sighed and all memory of the commercial vanished.

"Idea conference, Mr. Renner," she said. "Mr. Disbrow and Mr. Evans right away, in the room."

Harvey frowned at the clock and checked it elaborately with his own watch. He had plenty of time to finish his work, but there was no harm letting people know how busy he was.

Edna Mae added softly, "And Mr. Castle, too."

Harvey Renner got to his feet immediately, said, "Thank you, Miss Scott!" with more warmth than the occasion seemed to deserve, and headed for the conference.

Sam Castle was getting to be a nuisance, if not an actual menace. Disbrow had hired him a year ago, a chubby red-faced man addicted to loud shirts and small familiarities with the office force.

Harvey had to admit that Sam could think on his feet. He'd plucked two smash campaigns out of conference-room air, including the one for Barkies, with the picture of the woeful puppy watching its master eat up a platter of the sponsor's dog food.

This was the first time Disbrow had thrown Sam and Harvey into actual competition, although Castle was now also ranked as a senior writer. But there was more at stake than a single campaign.

First to arrive in the windowless conference room, so designed to eliminate all outside distraction, Harvey stared moodily at the room's sole decoration.

It was a lifesize oil of the late Compton Yates, founder of the agency, whose widow had put up a gallant but losing fight before Disbrow got control. There was a space beside the picture.

Disbrow would hang there one day, Harvey thought, and that was what made this Castle business so rugged. For Disbrow would have to name a partner soon, and, until Castle appeared, Harvey Renner, as the old man's favorite, had been almost an automatic choice.

Favorites in an advertising agency are little different from racetrack favorites, Harvey thought. They lose as often as they win—but a horse only has one rider on his back at a time.

Disbrow and Evans, the account executive, came in breathing a heady scent of excellent cigar smoke. The cigars were Disbrow's own specials, but each had been carefully ringed with the band of a popular cheap make whose account the agency had.

"Harvey, we've got a great opportunity here," Disbrow said by way of greeting. "This client Ralph has is willing to go the limit if he gets what he wants."

Evans said. "Hadn't we better wait for Sam?"

Disbrow nodded. "Good man, Sam."

"Good man," said Harvey.

The door opened for Sam Castle. He wore blue slacks and a yellow sports shirt with an open throat. He stood in the doorway an instant, smiling, one hand slightly raised, a carefully posed picture of unfettered genius on the verge of action.

Then he went around the table and sat by Disbrow.

"Castle to the king's side," he said.

Evans guffawed. Disbrow smiled appreciatively and said, "Sharp this morning, eh, Sam?"

"Ha, ha," Harvey said. So Sam had even found out Disbrow likes chess!

Pleasantries disposed of, Disbrow grew serious and began fumbling with the papers in front of him. None of them had any bearing on the new client.

"Ralph here has a client who wants to take a bit of a plunge in radio," Disbrow said. "I'll let him brief you on his problems, and then we can pool our thinking on the best way to go ahead."

"Right, chief," said Evans. He surveyed the two writers with the air of a Hindu who is about to do the celebrated rope trick, using live cobras for rope.

"Boys," he said, "this promises to be the most sensational thing since the discovery of soap. This fellow has a brand-new type remedy. It's terrific!"

"Remedy for what?" Harvey asked.

Evans looked annoyed. "For everything, I guess. It makes you feel fine. It hasn't even been named yet. That's your department. You're supposed to have the brains, the creative ability. Take this remedy and plan a campaign on it complete with name. Something that'll knock their eyes out!"

Please turn to page 28

BLACK & WHITE Ready Rubbed is Finest Virginia Leaf — goes further, smokes better — Ask for BLACK & WHITE.

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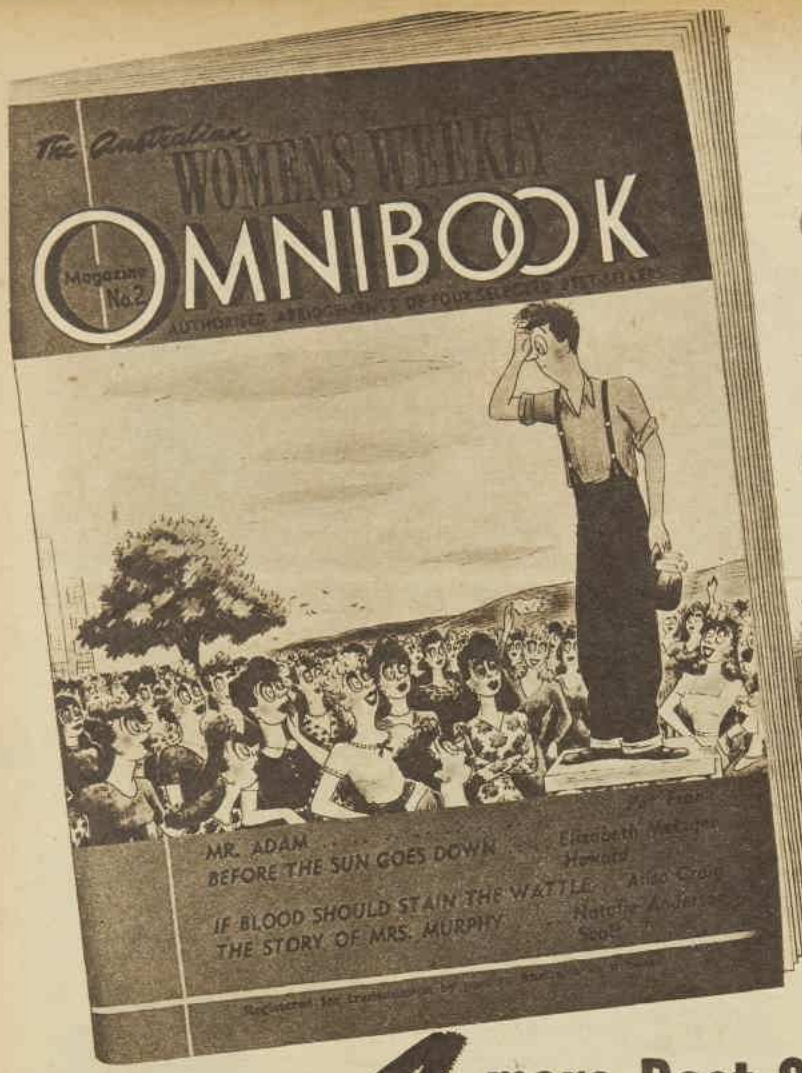

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A Thousand Looked On

Continued from page 10

THE detective said quickly: "Listen, Struthers, I'd sooner no one left this room just yet, but I've got to have some help—official help. You nip out and get the Parramatta police on the phone."

Hetty Bunce tossed on to the table the piece of paper she had rolled into a ball. "You'll want this," she said, and, as Gormley picked it up, she took a step nearer to Flaxman. "Why don't you wake him?" she asked and added, meaningly, "If he's really asleep."

Holding the edge of the table she swung her foot beneath it and kicked him smartly on the ankle. Gormley saw the mesmerist's fingers suddenly stiffen and curl, the manicured nails digging into the polished surface of the table while the body started slightly and the lips moved. The eyes, however, remained closed.

Gormley said: "Flaxman! Snap out of it," almost as if he'd been the mesmerist himself awakening one of his subjects.

Flaxman's eyes opened slowly. For a moment there was no intelligence in them, then they fell upon Harry Bunce's face. He said slowly: "So—he did it."

"Did what?" Gormley snapped.

"Killed himself," Flaxman said slowly, and, leaning his elbows on the table, buried his face in his hands. "Oh, poor Miriam. Poor Miriam."

Hetty Bunce's lip curled. She was standing alongside the mesmerist, so small she reached scarcely higher than his bent head. "What about poor Mrs. Bunce? Did you think of that when——"

Dugald turned on them angrily and said "Sh-h." Mrs. Lindel was regaining consciousness. Gormley looked at Janie and said: "You'd better take her to her room." Dugald said promptly, "I can manage."

"You go with her, Janie," Gormley ordered with emphasis, "and stay with her till I call you. Understand?"

"She mightn't like that," Dugald protested.

"She's got to like it."

The old man muttered something, but made no further objection, and, with the girl's aid, led Mrs. Lindel from the room.

When they had gone, the detective said, "It will be pleasanter, perhaps, if we move out of this alcove. Step down here, please."

Bob returned as they seated themselves in the room below. "She's with Mrs. Lindel," Gormley explained, noting his searching glance. "Sit down, Struthers."

He had straightened the crumpled paper Hetty Bunce had held. It was one of the Colona Theatre's goods-requisition forms, and the words on it were typed.

"I killed the man at the Colona Theatre. I don't know why. I bore him no grudge. I had never seen him till I saw him dead on the stage. Something made me do it. Flaxman had hypnotised me that night. I think Gormley knows how I did it. Poison's the quick way out. In the dark during the seance. Out of the spirit's glass. Help my poor Hetty."

The signature in ink was "Harry Bunce."

Gormley said: "Is this your husband's signature, Mrs. Bunce?" and when she nodded, "Where did you get this?" He tapped the paper.

"It was in an envelope in my room upstairs—the one I always use when I come up here."

"When did you get it?" he asked, noting how speedily she had recovered her composure.

"Just before I came down. You didn't think I'd wait to pluck my eyebrows, did you?"

"What time then did you go upstairs?"

"About ten to eight. Just before the seance started."

"The seance had not started when I arrived. That was five minutes past eight."

She said irritably: "I count it from the time Flaxman goes into his trance."

"And what time was that?"

Flaxman said: "I know exactly Mr. Gormley. Mrs. Lindel said: 'It's ten minutes to eight. Could you begin?' Something like that."

"Was Bunce here?"

"Yes." Flaxman nodded.

Gormley scrutinised the paper again and said to Mrs. Bunce: "Then the letter was in your room when you got there at about ten to eight?" When she did not answer, he went on quietly: "Will you tell me, Mrs. Bunce, why you did not come downstairs with this note immediately?"

She said: "That's easy. When I went upstairs it was to lie down and rest my eyes. I went straight to the bed and lay down and put some drops in my eyes. The stuff stings a bit and it lasts a while. I lay there with my eyes closed. When I opened them and looked around I saw the letter. I'd left the door open, and there was just enough light coming from the hall for me to see it."

Gormley said: "Thank you."

She got to her feet. "I don't know exactly what you expect," she said, "but I'm not made a widow every day in the week. I—I——"

Her handkerchief went to her mouth, and Gormley said: "I understand, Mrs. Bunce. Perhaps you would like to go back to your room?"

He held the door open for her, and saw her walk down the corridor. She turned and went slowly upstairs, and, as she did so, the police car pulled up in front of the house.

INSPECTOR Gormley said: "I'm sorry that I have to intrude, Mrs. Lindel. This has been a dreadful shock to you."

She said weakly: "Yes . . . a dreadful shock."

"Losing both brothers in one week."

Mrs. Lindel's eyebrows rose slightly: "Oh . . . yes, I see what you mean."

Gormley regarded her curiously. "May I sit down?"

"Of course," she said, and waved a thin hand to the chair beside her bed. Then suddenly she broke down and began to cry.

"Oh, I can't pretend," she sobbed. "How could they mean anything to me—those two men. Toby was a stranger; I hadn't seen him for over forty years. When Harry was saved from his ship I was lonely, and I thought it would be nice to have one of one's own about. But it was disappointing."

After a moment Gormley said: "Dugald? Is he a relative?"

She smiled. "Dugald? No, he is a dear friend. I have known him all my life—all my grown-up life."

"He is dependent upon you?"

She looked surprised. "I suppose he is," she said. "He's very clever, though. But old. I suppose they wouldn't want him any more and he knows it. I daresay that is why he was always telling me I should make a will."

She sighed. "Well, it's all over now. He has been taken care of."

"You mean you made a will?"

She said: "Yes, it's all fixed."

Gormley inspected his thumbnail. He said casually: "Your brothers dying so unexpectedly—mightn't it be necessary to make another?"

She smiled again. "No," she said, contentedly. "It's all fixed."

She looked up at him as if begging forgiveness. "I've been a very silly old woman, Mr. Gormley. I couldn't bear being old."

He was thinking to himself, just as Janie had thought, what a lovely old lady she might make with those beautiful eyes and regular features. Why in heaven's name, he wondered, couldn't ageing women be content to grow old gracefully?

Then his mind switched to the seance and heard again that beautiful, resonant voice.

That was it, of course. She was striving to be young for her husband—a man dead for over forty years. He would come back to her one night in one of those seances seeking his bride, a young, lovely girl of twenty-two. He wouldn't recognise an old woman.

Very quietly he said: "In the seance to-night, Mrs. Lindel, you heard him."

She said eagerly: "Yes. It was Lionel. No one has a voice quite like his. So deep, so musical, so altogether beautiful. He was there, Mr. Gormley. Did you not feel it?"

Gormley hesitated, then he said: "But don't you realise, Mrs. Lindel, there must have been some trick?"

She said stubbornly: "Lionel was there."

"Yes, but the glass of water?"

She looked puzzled.

Gormley went on: "Your brother drank it. It was poisoned."

"Oh, no, no," she cried, passionately. "Lionel drank it. Did you not hear my poor darling crying out? No, no. Harry must have killed himself some other way."

Gormley gave it up but before he left he had one more question.

"What instructions did you give Dugald regarding the seance, Mrs. Lindel?"

"None, particularly, if I remember," she said. "He and Harry moved the rosewood table into the alcove. We always hold it there, you know. And I asked him to pour the water into the glass. That was Mr. Flaxman's idea. I asked him why, but he said he didn't know. He'd just like to have it there."

Gormley pondered this, then said: "The glass was in a holder of some sort."

Mrs. Lindel said: "Oh, yes, Hetty brought it up some time ago. Harry made it, I think, in his workshop. He was clever with his hands. It keeps the glass steady. Sometimes when Mr. Flaxman is in control the table leaps."

"Just one more question, Mrs. Lindel, and then I won't bother you. During the seance did Mr. Flaxman release your hand?"

"Oh, no," she said, "on the contrary I tried to free myself when I heard Lionel's voice, but he held on. So did that American boy What's-his-name on the other side."

Gormley found Janie on the verandah. "You sat between Bunce and your boy-friend, didn't you?" he queried. "Now, think hard, please. Did Bunce release your hand at any time?"

She said: "No. He was holding my fingers quite firmly, and when that voice said something about drinking the water it was as if a shock had gone through him and my hand shot up into the air with his."

"And Struthers?"

"Bob's?" She smiled. "Oh, he just held my hand like he always does."

"He never let go? Not for a moment?"

"No," she said. "Why should he?"

Gormley left them abruptly, and went back into the alcove room. He must get away by himself and think—weigh what he had. At the moment he felt as though he were grappling with a whole relentless chain of insoluble riddles.

To be concluded

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ENGLISH actor Stephen Murray with his daughter Amanda. He will play Lewis Carroll in "Alice in Wonderland" film.

PLAYTIME for Elizabeth Stacy Smith and her famous actor father, Kent Smith, who has contract with Warners.

FATHERLY care exhibited by Frank Sinatra as he helps his children, Nancy and Frank, during visit to MGM studio.

Candid Camera —ON— FILM FAMILIES

OFF TO BED says George Murphy to son Denis as he carries him upstairs. His latest film is MGM's "Cynthia."

BATHING baby Barbara is important job for RKO stars Bill Williams and his wife, Barbara Hale. Bill Williams' latest film is "A Likely Story" and Barbara Hale's last was "The Window."

HAPPY SMILES add to charm of lovely Margaret Lockwood and her daughter Margaret Julia. Margaret's last film was "White Unicorn." She is making "I Know You" for Two Cities Films.

DAUGHTER Liza is source of great delight to her mother, Judy Garland, and father, Vincente Minelli. Judy is making MGM's "Easter Parade." Her last film was "Till The Clouds Roll By."

CLARINET playing amuses Wayne Morris and his daughter Pam. Wayne's last film was Warners' "Deep Valley"; now working on "John Loves Mary."

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Don's family see him off on final tour

EGGS BEFORE RUNS is slogan of young John Bradman, who is a keen poultry farmer.

Wife has followed his cricket career since earliest matches

By FREDA YOUNG, staff reporter

When Don Bradman goes to England this month for his fourth series of English Test matches, bringing to a close the most spectacular career of cricket history, he will leave behind him three of his keenest fans . . . his attractive wife, 8-year-old son John, and daughter Shirley, aged 6.

It is a wistful thought for Mrs. Bradman that she has seen her husband play in big cricket for the last time.

ALTHOUGH the team does not leave Perth until March 22 aboard the Strathaird, the Bradmans waved good-bye to Don at the Adelaide railway station some weeks earlier.

He was en route to Melbourne and then with the team to Hobart to play against Tasmania. He flies to Perth direct from Tasmania.

When I saw Mrs. Bradman in her charming home in Kensington Park, Adelaide, she was wondering where her next meeting with her husband would be — in London, or Colombo, or in Adelaide in November.

She has high hopes of making the long trip to synchronise with the end of the English tour.

"It would be lovely to come home with Don," she says.

THE BRADMAN TOUCH. John upholds the family tradition when he lashes out with the bat.

It would be her third visit to England.

In 1934 she went at a day's notice when Don was very ill in London, and she went again at the end of the 1938 season, this time in much happier circumstances.

But if she is unable to go to England she might still go to Colombo to travel back with her husband on the last part of the trip.

It is one of the fortunate aspects of cricket that it gets the wives in as well as the husbands — most of them are overwhelmingly for the game.

In the Bradmans' case their mutual interest began in their very young days, and has persisted through their sixteen years of married life.

As children they lived in the same country district of N.S.W., where the friendship of their families dated back to the days when Don's mother went to the same kindergarten as his wife's father.

Being in on the ground floor, as it were, Mrs. Bradman has watched Don bound from success to success.

She has never missed an opportunity of seeing him play. During the recent matches she went to Sydney with the children and then when the team moved down to Melbourne she left John and Shirley with her people and accompanied Don.

Mrs. Bradman provides just the right background for a celebrity husband—by being happy to remain in the background. They are a devoted and harmonious couple.

One of her greatest charms, I should say, is that her husband's fame has left her unspoiled.

And she has always been easy to look at—brown hair waving softly off her forehead, grey eyes, good clear complexion, and a quick smile with a sort of tinkle in her laugh.

Just at the time when Bradman, sen., is quitting big cricket, Bradman, jun., is beginning to learn some of the finer points of the game.

Enough, anyway, to feel slightly superior to little sister's complete lack of the cricket know-how.

Both children accompanied their mother to the recent Indian Test in Adelaide, and it made John smile to hear Shirley ask, when one of the visitors went out in the middle of the Indians' innings: "Will Daddy go in now?"

When she found that he wouldn't, her attention wandered away from the field once more in the direction of the sweets and ice-cream boys.

If that's not being a true-blue Daddy's fan I don't know what is.

MRS. DON BRADMAN and her children, Shirley and John, with the family pet, Sally, at the side gate of their home.

Certainly John likes cricket best, too, when his father is making things hum, partly, no doubt, through a full-chested filial pride and partly because the world's No. 1 cricketer has the knack of holding the interest of young and old alike.

John, who rather favors his mother in looks, is very like his father in many of his traits.

He likes all ball games (even his father as a lad couldn't decide whether to make tennis or cricket the big motif of his life — he was good at both), is very nimble on his feet, is thorough in all his enterprises, has good powers of concentration, and quite a business head.

Keeps ledger

HAVING passed through the stages of wanting to be a policeman and tram conductor, he is now heading towards another calling.

At the moment his chief preoccupation is "poultry farming." And he does it thoroughly and on a definitely commercial basis.

He has six fowls which he feeds and waters regularly and cleans up their yard daily.

More than that, he keeps a ledger in which he jots down the cost of wheat and other feed and on the other side what he gets for his labor in the shape of cash from his mother for eggs supplied.

So in a way John, like his father, has begun scoring. But as an observer I should say he rates eggs above runs.

Shirley, on the other hand, is more on her mother's pattern in nature, with a leaning toward her father in looks. She goes to Girton House School.

The Bradmans keep open house for their children's friends, and the garden seemed bright with little girls in pretty frocks and colored hair ribbons, and boys in shorts with or without shirts.

Dolls are the main distraction of Shirley and her friends, and she brought a sleeping doll to pay its respects to me.

Her little doll's pusher, a gift from Santa, is a double-duty toy. It not only provides transport for her "babies," but she brings home the parcels on its hood—just like any real mother does—when she runs messages to the shop for her mother.

She seems to have inherited her father's love of music.

She asked me if I'd like to hear her play, and ran across and got on the stool. She fingered out five-finger exercises on her father's grand piano.

Her parents are considering whether to let her begin to learn the piano this year.

It's well known that Don Bradman is an accomplished pianist.

"Don is really a self-taught musician. He would never learn from anyone, although his sister tried to teach him. But he preferred to work most things out for himself on the piano," his wife says.

"If he got stuck he'd come out with a sheet of music to her to ask what something meant or how he should do it, and she'd show him and off he'd go and work at it."

I thought the following laughing remark of Mrs. Bradman eloquently sustained my earlier definition of her "background role" in Don's life.

"As a child I learned music, too," she said, "and would struggle painfully over a piece.

"Then Don would just come along and play it right off at sight. It was so easy for him. I used to feel so disgusted with myself that eventually I gave it up."

WATCHING THE TOSS. Don Bradman, as thousands have seen him at big matches.

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Editorial

MARCH 6, 1948

COUNCIL OF EMPIRE

VISCOUNT BRUCE'S move in the House of Lords for the establishment of a "Council of British Nations" will have a strong appeal to Australians, who believe that the Empire's strength is in its unity.

Lord Bruce pointed out that Britain alone was a pigmy beside the United States and Russia, but in co-operation with the rest of the Empire she was their equal.

He advocated that the council should meet once a month for regular discussion and, as well, there should be meetings at Prime Minister level to deal with specific questions.

Most Australians feel a special urge to show loyalty to Britain, now that her glory is dimmed by an economic crisis resulting from her magnificent war effort.

But there is much more than sentiment to recommend the Bruce plan.

Australia and the other outlying members of the British Commonwealth would be modest indeed if they did not believe that they could contribute something worth while to discussion of any problem.

Lord Bruce's scheme is a practical way to bring to deliberations in Britain not only English brains but the best talent and keenest thinking of the Dominions.

The Dominions will rise or fall along with Britain, so they should share in the making of all major decisions.

WORTH Reporting

WE were quite excited when we came by chance in the Sydney telephone book upon an armored car service.

At once we imagined gangsters, big punters, and other moneyed characters driving about the streets in perfect safety, escorted by a bodyguard.

But a talk with Mr. A. J. Balmer, Sydney manager of Mayne Nickless Ltd., the firm that owns the cars, was both disillusioning and reassuring.

During the seven years they have provided an armored car service in Sydney they have not had one request from an individual for bullet-proof protection.

All their business is done with banks, factories, and business houses, whose pay-rolls they carry.

Mr. Balmer said that for the first few months companies were a little loath to entrust the carrying of thousands of pounds to strangers. Now the 11 armored cars of the Sydney branch are kept busy every day of the week. The same service functions in Adelaide and Melbourne.

The firm's limousines and panel vans, though built to their own specifications, look exactly like any other cars of their type to the casual observer.

The only difference is in structure. They are armor-plated, steel-panelled, and fitted with bullet-proof glass.

Instead of the usual leather trim, bullet-proof steel is used in the interior. In winter the men inside are protected from its chill by felt covers.

The three men who ride in each car are specially picked and trained, and include ex-policemen.

They carry guns, have regular revolver practice, and are sworn in as special police.

Mr. Balmer hastened to assure us that providing armored cars was only a sideline to an old-established carrying business.

"There have been no hold-ups, attempted robberies, or other dramatic incidents," he said. "In our experience it is quite an uneventful, routine business."

We gathered the impression that the conduct of ordinary carrying is, if anything, more fraught with excitement than the armored cars.

* * *

IN the small ad. section of the "Lincoln Sunday Journal and Star" (Nebraska, U.S.A.) there are hundreds of "apartments wanted." This is common enough in ad. sections throughout the English-speaking world, but the chief qualification offered by most of the Nebraska house seekers is "No smoking and drinking."

Reads to sitters

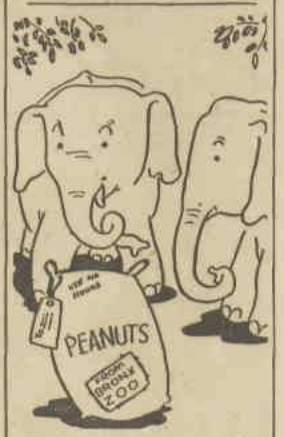
NORMA BULL, young Melbourne painter, who is home again after nine years in England, where she won success as a British war artist, gets her mother, Mrs. Katherine Bull, to read aloud to sitters to help them to be unselfconscious.

Her favorite book for this purpose is, "Souvenirs, My Life With Maeterlinck," by Georgette Leblanc.

Discussions which arise from the reading keep the sitters' expressions natural.

John Masefield, however, needed no encouragement to take up a characteristic pose when Miss Bull painted him. She "sat in," while the poet laureate coped with his enormous correspondence, dictating letters at a furious rate to his secretary.

Animal Antics



"It's a present from my uncle who went abroad last year!"

Trackers' training

GETTING the family food trains lubras to be the best trackers in the world, according to Victor Hall, formerly of the Northern Territory Police.

Mr. Hall has been visiting Melbourne on holiday from Darwin.

After sleuthing lizards, snakes, and rabbits in lean seasons, tracking a man or a woman is comparatively simple to the lubras, he says.

Thus native trackers, enlisted in the Commonwealth Police Force at 18 years of age, have been trained when children by their mothers.

Mr. Hall says he can't speak highly enough of their loyalty and skill. They know the footprints of every native in their tribal area.

Trackers don't trail their fugitive with their eyes to the ground for the entire chase.

After picking up the tracks of an offender who has gone bush they shortcut to the waterhole for which he will head, and await his arrival.

Mr. Hall has resigned from the force after nearly 20 years' service in the Territory to write books which will put the Northern Territory Police Force troopers on the map like their counterparts, the Royal Canadian Mounties.

His first, "Bad Medicine," has just been published, and now's he's working on "Four Mounted Men."

Later he intends writing an account of famous cases handled by Northern Territory police.

Tall, spare, and laconic, Mr. Hall "went bush" when he came out from England after World War I.

Motorists' hazards

IN one of its series of pamphlets, "Little Journeys into the Realms of Transport," the Federal Chamber of Automotive Industries gives another angle on the death rate from road accidents.

Few people realise, states the pamphlet, how many pedestrians with little or no regulation cross and recross moving motor traffic.

In Australia in the year 1945, 545,756,000 railway journeys were made, and every journey required a pedestrian to make several crossings to reach the railway at the start and finish of their journey.

In the same year 1,083,212,000 street crossings were made by people boarding and alighting from trams.

Working from that basis, the writer of the pamphlet calculates that in one year motorists in Australia have to safeguard pedestrians approximately nine thousand million times.

These figures are apart from the road crossings made by schoolchildren—about nine hundred million—and apart from the unestimated crossings by pedestrians other than tram or rail passengers.

Comfort for tourists

TO study the likes and dislikes of travellers for a motor tour company, a Melbourne woman travels, ostensibly as an ordinary passenger, on the company's various bus tours.

One country cafe which provides lunch for the tours got a black mark from her recently.

Although the company was charged four shillings per head, the cafe provided no choice of dishes, while other customers were able to select from the menu a better meal for less money.

She also found that in big cities tourists like a bed-and-breakfast service at hotels and meal chits to use at restaurants.

Thanks to her findings, the company is now making a big effort to arrange single rather than shared accommodation for travellers, except for a few nervous women who prefer to share.

Another innovation is giving everyone a turn in front seats in the bus. When the tour starts, people who sit in the front in the morning move back one in the afternoon. Rear-seat travellers come up to take their place in the front.

She has found that real success of the tour depends on the personality of the bus-driver, known always as the "coach captain."

Through a microphone he entertains passengers with a commentary on the countryside, and leads community singing.

Coach captains have to undergo a special course and pass examinations held by the company to qualify for the job.

* * *

AN ugly, rather inconvenient five-bedroomed house in Bury St. Edmunds, Suffolk, England, was bought in 1908 for £250. The man who bought it — and, incidentally, did little to improve or alter its Victorian characteristics—sold it the other day for £1100.

Composer and pianist

A FONDNESS for Bach and Handel and a football accident are jointly responsible for Pat Lynch composing "Boogie Concerto" and the newly released Australian recording, "Jamming At The Con."

Before the accident Pat was a window dresser. Badly injured, he was left with a limp. But he had the use of his hands. Thinking he might make a living teaching music, he attended the Conservatorium, and came away with his teacher's degree.

He had watched young people pouring into youth concerts, imagined what would happen if the conductor went outside for a cigarette, and the instruments were taken over by a crowd of jazz fanatics. How, when he came back, they would become dignified again.

That is the story of "Jamming At The Con," his second recorded composition. In it, as in its predecessor, he plays the piano solo.

When he isn't fulfilling engagements playing with orchestras or in restaurants, Pat likes to listen to famous U.S. pianists. Those he lists high are Art Tatum, Nat Cole of the King Cole Trio.

"I like anything that makes interesting listening," he said, "especially experiments in modern style. There are new harmonic fields off the beaten track that have hardly been explored."

He lists dispassionately, as composers who always interest him, Debussy, Fats Waller, and Ravel.

His method of composing: To carry a tune in his head for weeks or months. Then a session at the piano to elaborate and straighten the idea out.

The idea he is carrying round and mulling over now is for a King's Cross suite, the many facets of its throbbing life described in separate movements: the neon-lighted cafe strip, the cosmopolitan, bustling tram-stop, the apartment buildings of Macleay Street.

"It is crying out to go down on paper," he said. "No one has done it yet. If I can get down the bawdiness, the brawls, and the glamor, I'll be satisfied at last."

IT SEEMS TO ME

by

Dorothy Drain

THERE'S nearly always a clash between fashion and what is considered smart uniform wear, but the clash takes a novel form to-day.

American Airlines have halted the downward drop in their hostess' skirts at 15 inches from the ground.

Once upon a time the main watch kept on uniforms, whether school or service, was to see that they reached to a decorous length below the knee, and we never thought to see the forces of authority ranged against the covering of the calf.

Fashions change, but girls don't. I suppose schoolgirls are still endeavoring to batter their regulation hats into an approximation of current designs.

The school hat I once wore was a most uncompromising shape, specially selected to defeat dress-conscious misses, but it was marvellous what some of the girls could do with a couple of pins and a jaunty angle.

* * *

RECENT shark tragedies have brought forth several plans for making surfing safer—air patrols, netting, and other precautions.

The extraordinary thing is, how blithely we continue to surf.

English visitors used to sharkless waters nearly always find our temerity surprising. They put us in a class with those who build homes on the slopes of volcanoes, or in the earthquake belt.

But these people have little choice. We surf for fun!

* * *

AN English doctor, according to a London cable, has been making his own cigarettes by mixing carrot leaves, wild water-mint, and bulrush fluff.

This sounds odd, but probably the flavor's no odder than some of the cigarettes from England (brands we never heard of before) which we now buy at exorbitant prices.

* * *

ECLIPSE of the sun on May 9 will, so astronomers hope, enable them to determine the exact shape and size of the world:

An eclipse
May not be a subject for quips,
And knowing the earth's exact size,
May mysteriously comfort the wise;
But me,
I don't see
That we need any measuring tape
To determine the world's in poor shape.

* * *

A PROFESSOR of St. Paul University, Minnesota, states that farmers must have real affection for their cows, who have been known to give 61 per cent. more milk to people who like them.

But, of course—the milk of human kindness.

* * *

TWO recent news items tied up in a rather dispiriting way.

The U.S. Metropolitan Life Insurance Company announced that a man's life expectancy in the industrial population of America had reached the all-time record of 66½ years (a gain of 20 years since 1911).

The Public Health Service announced from New York that the health of men and women deteriorates rapidly after 45. (At 45, the survey showed, 100 out of every 1000 were chronically ill or had a major physical disability. At 60, the rate was 350 per thousand.)

An increased life expectancy is all very fine when health in later life is good.

It would be delightful to live to 100 if the second fifty years were as sprightly as the first. When science and medicine can do that for us, we'll really be getting somewhere.

THE LITTLE SCOUTS

"If that's the Morse Code he's a darned intelligent bird!"

Look out for ELLERY QUEEN'S MYSTERY MAGAZINE at all Newsagents and Bookstalls — 1/- every month.

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Star wants to be singer

By cable from VIOLA MacDONALD in Hollywood

Ten years of success in Hollywood have not fulfilled the life ambition of Fox star Maureen O'Hara, who will never be satisfied with her achievements until she makes a name for herself as an opera singer.

"I AM a dramatic soprano," she confided to me.

"My mother, Marguerita Lilburn, was an outstanding concert singer in Europe and has made me study voice production all my life.

"More than being an actress, I have always wanted to be a singer, but somehow I haven't had the opportunity yet.

"Of course, there is no saying whether I shall ever be famous as a vocalist, but if hard work and a desperately intense ambition will pay off—then I hope one day to be known as Maureen O'Hara, dramatic soprano, and not Maureen O'Hara, actress."

The slender, auburn-haired Irish girl has changed little in her almost ten years of Hollywood stardom.

Brought here by Charles Laughton in 1938, Maureen was first seen in "The Hunchback of Notre Dame," following her English debut in "Jamaica Inn," in which Charles Laughton launched her, after her 16th birthday.

Maureen feels she owes all her Hollywood success to Laughton's fatherly care, and is eternally grateful to him.

"I don't care for myself much on the screen," she confessed, her grey-green eyes thoughtful.

"The only part I really felt satisfied with was Angharad' in 'How Green Was My Valley'."

I took this to mean that Maureen particularly disliked playing captive maidens to the bold adventurings of Tyrone Power and Douglas Fairbanks.

Film Review

★★ LURED

THE good humor and facile touch of Lucille Ball go a long way to making this hectically titled thriller a success. Expensive settings and slick direction by Douglas Sirk also make up for the deficiencies of a plot which won't fool anyone except the tots—who shouldn't see it, anyway.

Wide-eyed Lucille Ball is an American who is stranded in London. After the disappearance of her best friend, a dim-witted blonde who answered an enticing advertisement in the personal column of a newspaper, Lucille, as Sandra, agrees to become the bait used by a Scotland Yard inspector (Charles Coburn) to trap the advertiser.

This somewhat unethical plan takes Sandra in and out of a series of tragi-comedy adventures. It also brings her a fiance in the person of suave George Sanders.

Just when the criminal, who has caused seven other girls to disappear, seems to have been trapped, another clue turns up and the chase starts all over again. This time it involves Sandra's fiance and his best friend (Sir Cedric Hardwicke). Other suspects are Boris Karloff (in fine form as a crazy dress-designer), Alan Mowbray (a butler), and Joseph Calleia, a South American addicted to white slave traffic.

Lucille Ball's wardrobe is on a par with the general settings, but even if she wore rags this expressive-faced actress would hold your interest.

Release of the film is by United Artists—Plaza; showing.

Your Coupons

TEA: 5-16 (5-8 expire March 21).
BUTTER: 10-12 (expire March 21).
MEAT: Red, 22-25 (26-28 available March 8); blue, 25 and 27 (29, 31 available March 8).
CLOTHING: 1-56 (1947), 1-56 (1948).

Mandrake the Magician

MANDRAKE: Master magician, and
LOTHAR: His giant Nubian servant, go with
COLONEL BARTON: In search of flame-colored pearls. Also on board yacht Argos is
BETTY: His daughter. After many adventures they come to the Strangler Straits, whose giant boulders roll together and crush any ship attempting a crossing. Rather than give up their search, Mandrake and Lothar blow up the straits with dynamite, but a new danger arises. A huge sea-serpent, aroused from the depths, encircles the ship with powerful tentacles. The yacht begins to cave in, when there is a sudden explosion. The monster has blown up! NOW READ ON:

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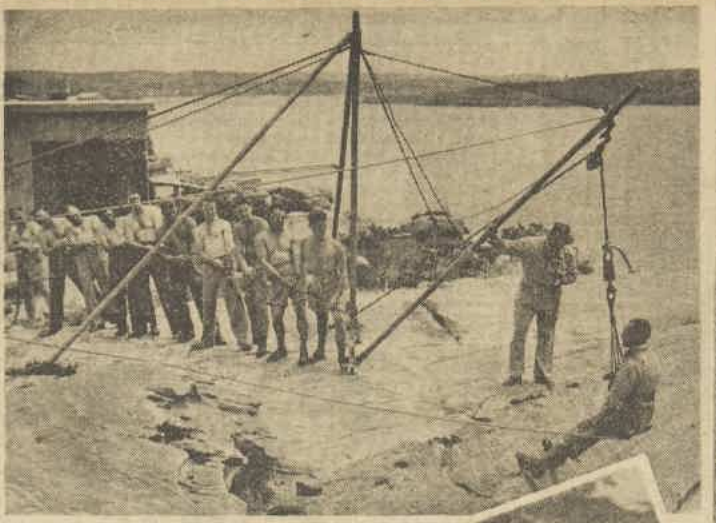
Daring cliff rescues are their work

Special police squad led by intrepid sergeant

By JOAN POWE, staff reporter

Ex-rigger Special-Sergeant Harold Ware, of Fivedock, Sydney, who spent 15 years working high above Sydney Harbor on the arch of the bridge, has the job of training policemen to forget they ever had any nerves.

His training ground three days a week is the 260-foot drop to the sea near The Gap, Watson's Bay, Sydney, his equipment a bosun's chair worked by an apparatus similar to a hand-crane, and his pupils a dozen hefty men detailed to take the Police Rescue Course.



WHEN they have completed their training these men may be called on to be members of the Police Rescue Squad.

Stocky, versatile Special-Sergeant Ware, in turn a sailor, builder's rigger, worker on the Harbor Bridge while it was being built, and afterwards an N.E.S. rescue officer, invented the rescue apparatus now used by N.S.W. police.

He takes part himself if possible in every rescue, demonstrates the most dangerous aspects of the work to trainees, and supervises the testing of equipment, although he is also in charge of the police mobile canteen and bushfire-fighting service.

Sergeant Ware, who could easily get top billing in a circus as The Human Fly, was just going "over the top" in the bosun's chair when a staff photographer and I arrived at The Gap to watch a squad at work.

His team were a group of specially selected plainclothes police from Division 21, nearly all of whom have now done the course.

While the men on the ropes made everything fast, the sergeant explained procedure from the bosun's chair, leaning back as comfortably as though he were in an armchair instead of dangling about 256 feet above sea level.

"I always give trainees a thorough course in knotcraft before I take them out on the cliffs, because the whole safety of the apparatus rests on sound knots, particularly the bowline," he said.

"They practise knots until they can tie them in their sleep, then they learn the important job of hauling on the ropes to lower or raise the chair."

The rescue apparatus, with its metal struts, can be assembled on almost any piece of rock. The strain is taken by four snatch-blocks which can be attached to trees, rocks, or sandbags, depending on conditions.

It works entirely by manpower, with a team of ten men pulling hand over hand on the rope almost as in a tug-o'-war.

"I don't believe in winches, because then you're trusting human lives to a mere machine," Sergeant Ware said. "When you've got ten or twelve men on the rope the others can always carry on if one faints, or anything else goes wrong."

In a tug-o'-war it's the strength and weight of the side which counts.

In the team from Division 21 practising at The Gap there were several men over twelve stone, two sixteen-stoners, as well as the pride of the course, Constable Bruce Jackson, weighing 18st. 4lb.

Their combined weight would be round about 140 stone.

Every part of the practice is carried out as though it was a real rescue, and trainees are strapped in the chair, swung out by the jib way over the sea, and lowered to the rocks below.

A stretcher is then sent down and two of the trainees assist in raising the "patient."

The sergeant believes in practical demonstrations, and has a sure way of convincing his classes that "no matter what you do, you can't fall out of the bosun's chair."

Somersault in midair

WITH a nonchalance which would put the daring young man on the flying trapeze to shame, he turns a back somersault, stands on his head, and slips out of the seat until he is suspended feet upwards in midair to prove the reliability of the "chair."

When he gets to this stage you've either conquered your nerves or you're a confirmed victim of acrophobia (fear of heights).

"I never force a man to go over the top if he doesn't want to, but I pick the toughest and most inaccessible spots for training," the sergeant said.

One of the most dangerous recoveries the sergeant supervised was at Govett's Leap, Blue Mountains, where there was a straight drop of 900 feet.

The rescue squad was called to recover the body of a middle-aged man which had been at the bottom of the Leap for five or six days.

More than 1200 feet of 2½in. Manila rope was spliced to carry out this rescue, and four snatch-blocks were attached to trees on an embankment nearby.

Strain was so great that, in addition to a team of men, the rescue truck was also used to haul on the rope.

Three lives were saved in the past year at North Head, Manly, McKenzie Point, Bondi, and Dover Heights, the most spectacular being the rescue of a 22-year-old youth who was stranded on a ledge 150 feet below the cliff-top at Bondi.

He had slipped while climbing down the cliff, and was in danger of being trapped by the tide.

SPECIAL APPARATUS used for rescues from lift-wells and other confined spaces is demonstrated as part of course to equip police for any emergency with which they may have to deal.

CLIFF - TOPS at The Gap provide training ground for team of police from Division 21 taking Police Rescue Course. They must learn how to work rescue apparatus smoothly, as well as make descents.

DAREDEVIL Sergeant Ware, who conducts rescue classes from bosun's chair, turning back somersault (above) to prove you can't fall out. (Right) he instructs his team over walkie-talkie set against sheer drop at Gap (pictured at extreme right), where many actual rescues have taken place.

Latest development in the work of the Rescue Squad is the use of walkie-talkie sets, which provide easy communication between the party descending to recover a victim and those working the apparatus on the cliff-top.

Warnings can then be given by the man going down first of any pockets in the cliff, jutting ledges or other hazards with which rescuers must cope.

Descent not easy

ALTHOUGH a movable jib swings the bosun's chair well away from the face, descending 200 or 300 feet of unfamiliar cliff-side is no easy matter.

Trainees are taught the following rules:

- Keep your hands inside the chair, and use your feet on the cliff face to steady the chair.
- "Walk" sideways to circumvent obstacles in the path which may chafe the rope.
- Never cross your legs when descending- or the chair will swing out dangerously.
- Don't look down, but keep your eyes on the cliff.

Sightseers and residents are excited onlookers when the squad is practising the most spectacular part of the training.

Actually, the most important part of the squad's course is done quietly in special quarters at Bourke Street station before work on the cliffs is even attempted.

There, one of the instructors, Aberdeen-born Sergeant Robert Thompson, of Petersham Division gives the "laddies" a gruelling course of splicing ropes, testing equipment and tying almost every conceivable knot.

The squad may be called on to save people who have fallen down lift-wells, children who have slipped down manholes, or rescue bodies from other confined spaces where there is no room for the chair.

Special-Sergeant Ware has already trained more than 150 police from metropolitan areas with the assistance of a staff of 12 instructors since his rescue apparatus was adopted by the late Commissioner of Police, Mr. W. J. MacKay, in 1941.

Complete rescue centres have been organised at Katoomba, Newcastle, Wollongong, Manly, and Kogarah.

The Rescue Squad has operated for almost 18 months now under the control of Superintendent L. C. Bowie, of No. 2 Police Sub-Division, handling any calls which involve rescues from difficult heights.

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KOSCIUSKO BECOMES MORE ACCESSIBLE

HORSEBACK RIDING is great attraction for summer holidays in Kosciusko National Park. This superb scene is at a bend on Thredbo River.

★ The Australian Alps, already famous for winter sports, are attracting more and more summer tourists, who revel in the grandeur of wild mountain crags, the lush growth of snow gum trees and snow grass and the gurgling of trout streams. So that inaccessible areas can be reached Kosciusko National Park Trust is cutting new tracks. •

TROUT FISHING is endless pleasure for Jim McGregor, well-known identity at Kosciusko, who tries his skill on the Thredbo. Pictures by staff photographer Jack Hickson.

LANDMARK is house on land selected by Jim Spencer, who says story that he was original "Man From Snowy River" is not true. House is being extended to accommodate trust employees and provide well-fitted workshops as base depot for developmental work in Park. This includes planting of hundreds of ornamental trees, log-clearing, and building outdoor fireplaces.

HELPING TRUST to make mountains more accessible to hikers, riders, fishermen are Ranger Clarrie Russell, Supervisor Lou Ainsworth, and Inspector Ray Ainsworth, who ride the range. Shelters and chalets will be built at selected points.

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Continuing . . . Class Will Tell

from page 7

MR. STANLEY GRAY, broker, was turning in at his apartment building the following evening when a disreputable stranger accosted him. He frowned a moment, then his expression changed for the better and he said:

"Now I recognise you! It's the tooth."

"You remember that dog you gave me?"

"Rather!"

"I mean, you gave him to me, didn't you?"

"Certainly. And ten dollars."

"Mister, that's all I want to know. You see he didn't croak."

"Splendid!" Mr. Gray's expression improved further. "We were terribly fond of him. It's swell of you to bring him back."

Joe eyed the speaker coldly, then inquired, "Where's your tommy-hawk, old Chief Gimme-Backus?"

"Oh!" Gray laughed pleasantly. "Indian giver, eh? Not at all. I supposed you wanted to return the dog; sell him back to me."

"I might at that," Joe said cautiously. "But first off I'd like to have proof that he's mine. I ain't got a thing to show, and people say——"

"That's easy." Mr Gray took a card and a fountain pen from his pocket, then, for want of something against which to write, he stepped across the path towards Joe's cab. As he approached, Blowout rose to his hind legs and peered out at him.

Without a word the broker opened the car door and lifted the dog out.

A moment, then he started on a run for the entrance to the building.

In reciting the incident to Kovacs that night, Joe said:

"Honest, I thought it was a snatch, but all he wanted was for his squaw to see. So up we go, the three of us, in the front elevator. And did we panic the lady! She went down on the floor with Blowout, and right off it's how much did I want for curing him. They offered me five Cs."

Kovacs stared. "It's—inspiring! Sublime! Go on."

"Well, I must of been there an hour, then I took me pooch under me armpit and ankled out."

"You—passed up half a grand?"

"Sure I passed it up. Money ain't everything."

"I've got to hand it to you," the policeman said admiringly. "You had me going, until that last crack. Well, I can't pinch a guy for lying; but stealing a dog like that runs into grand larceny."

Joe pretended to hesitate. "I knew you'd fall!" he cried in triumph. "There never was a cop that wouldn't. Read this—and this!" Into Kovacs' hand he thrust a bill of sale. From the interior of the cab he retrieved an elaborately framed pedigree.

"Balmoral's Triumphator II." Kovacs stumbled over the words; obviously the bill of sale was not a forgery. "Honest, Joe, did those people offer you five hundred?"

"They soitenly did. I may be nuts, but—I've got me the best dog in this town."

Ownership of a dog as aristocratic as Balmoral's Triumphator II lent distinction to Joe Devlin, and it likewise brought him business, for people who, before, would have refused to ride in Macushla willingly, put up with discomfort in order to get acquainted with such a dog.

Joe fastened the official pedigree to the ceiling of his cab. Not a few of his better-class passengers were familiar with Blowout's distinguished progenitors, and it is strange what a fellowship exists between animal lovers. Joe soon found it necessary to put up a second sign which read, "The Dog Will Be Glad to Ride with You. But He Is Not For Sale."

Naturally, this meant Blowout had to be kept well groomed, and before long Joe began to pay attention to his own appearance as well. A guy with a pedigreed dog couldn't look like a tramp.

Parked under the slanting rays of a street light, Joe was laboriously reading the morning paper, just out. On the running-board sat Blowout, absorbed in watching the approach of Kovacs.

A moment passed, then the latter said, "I saved a piece of hamburger, but I guess he ain't hungry."

"He's always hungry," Joe explained, "only he thinks it's poisoned. I had to do it on account of everybody feeding him." To the dog, he said, "O.K.! Kovacs is a good guy."

Blowout all but swallowed the officer's outstretched hand, and its owner exclaimed, "He ain't human! I bet you could teach that dog to tell the time of day."

"He's smart, but—that reminds me. What's all this wave of bomb outrages I read about?"

"It's a lot of dirty sabotage to cripple the country," Kovacs told him. "Those monkeys aim to destroy bridges, tunnels, waterworks, railroads——"

"You mean it's that foreign mob? What business they got to muscle in on us? . . . The paper says those torpedoes have got a clock in 'em."

"Right! It wasn't over three hours ago somebody phones in and says to look out for a double-header—two blasts before morning. Then he whinnies and hangs up."

"I bet there's a million cops on duty right now."

"Sure! He phoned about midnight, from a cigar store on Thoid Avenue."

"Kovacs! Hop that phone in the Greek's and tell 'em to rush a police car to the Penn station! We'll meet 'em in ten—in five minutes. Downtown side!" He tramped on the starter, and Macushla shuddered. "Run, you fool!"

The cab was moving when Kovacs emerged from the lunchroom and swung himself to the running-board. "If this is a prank," the officer warned, "you'll do ten years under water."

"Blow your flute, flatfoot, I'm goin' through the lights."

"Tip me off, Joe . . . There's a big reward for those bombers. It's over ten thousand——"

"Blow, I tell you!"

Down Seventh Avenue and through Times Square the disreputable Macushla tore, shrieking like a banshee. A police car swung in behind the cab and followed it down the incline to the station.

Devlin popped out of his cab with Blowout in his arms. "Into the parcel-room, fellows!" he cried.

Several uniformed men followed him across the vast rotunda. Kovacs asked: "How d'you know? What's it look——"

"I don't know nothing for sure, but I'd lay a hunnerd to one . . . It's a suitcase. It's heavy, and I bet it's got enough stuff to blow us to Jersey. A guy I drove checked it about eleven. It's a tan suitcase!" He stared agitatedly about him.

"I can see a hunnerd that might be the one, but the dog'll find it. Only, he can't get up there and hunt it out. Reach 'em down and set 'em on the floor."

When perhaps two score pieces of luggage had been gingerly assembled, Joe announced, "That'll do to begin with."

Joe placed Blowout on the floor. He spoke to the dog and stroked him briefly.

He was laughing and talking a jargon that only he and the animal understood.

Blowout squirmed away from him and like a flash he was on his feet. The black head tilted to one side, then to the other. The pointed tail had become stiffly erect, and it quivered. The dog's panting grew louder, as in and out between the suitcases he scurried. Eureka! He let out a bark and began to paw one of them frenzedly.

Devlin rose to his feet. "O.K., boys! There she blows!" He had the dog in his arms and was laughing queerly. Blowout wriggled with delight.

The suitcase stood on the counter, the sergeant had his ear to it. After a moment he announced: "It's the business! Clear those people out of the rotunda. The sooner this thing is in oil the better."

"There's another one at Grand Central," Devlin announced. "Let's get going."

Under scare headlines the afternoon papers carried a story that caused New Yorkers to gasp. It was too sensational, too fantastic for belief—another bomb outrage, foiled by a dog, a prizewinning pedigreed Scottie.

The facts were sufficiently startling to make the front page. The police had been warned of the impending outrage, but they were at a loss how to meet the threat. Meanwhile Blowout's master, Joe Devlin, a night-hawk taxi owner, had driven one Max Braun to the Pennsylvania Station and then over to Grand Central.

Braun had two big suitcases, in reality infernal machines timed to let go at the same moment during the morning rush hour. He had checked one in each parcel-room, then, in accordance with his previous practice, he had gloatingly phoned headquarters something truly big was about to come off.

Blowout's master, his suspicions aroused, had used the Scottie to avert a major catastrophe. From the mountains of luggage the little fellow had nosed out the death-dealing devices, following which prompt action had enabled the police to arrest Braun and his associates.

Devlin deserved credit, of course, as did the police, but Balmoral's Triumphator II, the "marvel dog," the "dog with a brain," the "dog that saved hundreds of lives," was the real hero.

Blowout's biography lent the finishing touch to the whole thing. A puppy sick unto death, a drunken cabby with a heart of gold, Macushla the disreputable; here was a story with a smile, a thrill, and a heart-throb.

Late that afternoon Joe walked into Hedstrom's Cat and Dog Hospital with Blowout on his arm. On all sides were scattered newspapers with pictures of Joe and the dog, nevertheless, Hedda had to hear the whole story from his lips.

He had about finished when she interrupted: "Vait! How you learn this dog to smell dynamite?"

Joe grinned. "That's what the commissioner ast me—them's his very woids. He wants to know how come a dog to smell dynamite unless he's had practice. And where did I get the stuff to train him on? Maybe I got it from me old pal Maxey Braun.

"Wasn't it strange, he says to me, that I thought about them suitcases all by myself? With nothing under my hat to think with. How come I to cross Max after all he done for me? All of a sudden I seen it from his angle, and it didn't look so good, so I spilled."

"Vat you spill?"

"Remember that little duck I bought the pooch? You wound it up and it waddled. Well, it ticked like a clock. I used to hide it under my pillow or the mattress just to see him dig. He was nuts about that duck. Finally he chewed the tick out of it, so I hid my watch.

"Diggin' is good for dogs. Makes 'em strong. It got to be a game with us. Well, when that powder monkey went in to check the first bomb, I got out to stretch, and the foist thing I know Blowout is in the back of the cab diggin' like mad at the other suitcase. I thought it was queer, but it never meant nothing till I got to talking with Kovacs. Then it struck me.

"'Listen,' I says to the chief. 'This is a swell story like it is. Don't sperl it. Give the pooch a break,' I says."

"Vat he say?"

"He just grinned and said, 'Have it your way, sucker. I got a dog of me own' . . . Now, then, High, Wide, and Handsome, brush off the hair. We're takin' the pooch to Coney."

With magnificent abandon Miss Hedstrom flung her arms about the speaker and kissed him.

"Not bad!" said Joe. "I kind of figured on getting around to that before we got home."

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ALFRED

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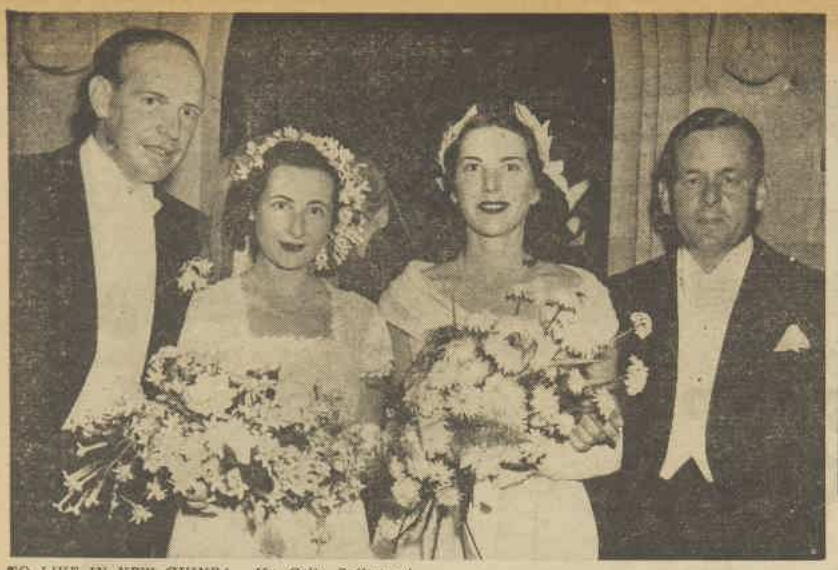

TO LIVE IN NEW GUINEA. Mr. Colin Sefton, of New Guinea, and his bride, formerly Joan Piggott, only daughter of Mrs. J. Piggott, of Kurraba Point, and their attendants, Betty Field and Robertson Sinclair-Smith, after their wedding at St. Mark's. Colin and Joan will make their home in New Guinea.

INTERESTING ENGAGEMENT. Rowena Bray, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Harry Bray, of Adelaide, and her fiance, Neville Goodall, celebrate their engagement at Romano's. Neville is the son of Mr. and Mrs. H. P. Goodall, of Macleay Street, Potts Point.

Intimate Gettings

ENGAGEMENT ANNOUNCED. Dr. David Dey, who recently returned after doing post-graduate work overseas, and his fiancee, Moya Hennes, celebrate their engagement at a party at the Forum Club, given by David's parents, Dr. and Mrs. Lindsay Dey.

I STAND wistfully on the dock when the Stratheden sails, London bound. So many people seem to be travelling again now, and the multi-colored streamers snapping as the ship pulls out give pre-war glamor to the scene.

See Mrs. John Brolnowski and her tall, good-looking husband before they leave for three months' trip to England. Jean tells me her two elder sons—Dugal and Mackenzie—will stay with her great friend Mrs. "Deke" Coleman during their parents' absence. Also tells me that their Rose Bay home has been taken by the Denzil Macarthur Onslow family for the duration of the trip.

I also see Mr. Hugh Macken and his daughter, Mrs. Patricia Field, waving to friends on the wharf. Pat is very excited as she had only three weeks' notice of her trip, and has wild last-minute scramble getting ready.

Diminutive Mrs. Ralph Smart and her small son Robert are also passengers. Bettie Dickson, who arranges surprise lunch party for Meg the day before she sails, is on wharf to wave good-bye. She will have the Smarts' delightful home at Church Point until they return in September. Meg's proudest possession to take away is beautiful hand-sewn leather handbag, decorated with hand-beaten aboriginal motifs in pewter and copper. "Wait till they see this in London," she says.

• • •

HAVE a word with Mrs. Patricia Doyle while she lunches at Romano's with Valmai Ramsay.

Patricia tells me her brother, Lester Minchin, and his wife and two children take Skymaster to Perth, where they embark for Sarawak, where they will make their home.

Accompanying them is Mrs. Barbara Burton, who will make holiday trip to Sarawak.

DOUBLE ENGAGEMENT. Tony Fagan (left) and his fiancee, Jean Mary Cox, and Tony's sister Marie (second from right) and her fiance, Dr. John MacMahon, celebrate the double engagement with a family party at Prince's. Tony and Marie are the children of Mrs. Fagan, of Sunny Ridge, Mandurama, and of the late Mr. R. J. Fagan.

NAUTICAL fun of "Off The Record" is much enjoyed by the Navy at the Minerva premiere of the Ian Hay-Stephen King Hall comedy.

I notice Admiral G. D. Moore and Mrs. Moore, and Commander Charles Read and his wife laughing delightedly.

Mind-reader Sid Piddington is among the audience. He comes to see fellow P.O.W. actor John Wood. They were in Changi together.

• • •

REV. GEORGE COWIE officiates at the wedding of his great-niece, Cherie Goodwin, and Bruce Read, at St. David's, Lindfield.

Cherie, who is eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. T. R. Goodwin, of Lindfield, is attended by Margaret Werner and Elisabeth Hellman.

Bridegroom, who is second son of Mrs. and Mrs. J. N. Read, of Killara, is attended by his brother, James Read, and Wilfred McDowell.

• • •

ROSLYN BOWMAN goes back to her home, Archerfield, Singleton, after whirl of parties in Sydney. Plans, however, to come down at Easter, and hopes to live in Sydney.

MRS. BILL KENDALL leaves by plane for Adelaide, where she meets Strathaird, which is bringing her mother, Mrs. H. V. Maxwell, and her two sisters, Ailsa and Margaret . . . Betty joins her family on the ship and has trip round the coast with two days in Melbourne.

• • •

PERFECT weather for the Monaro Picnic Races, and hosts of guests come up from Sydney and from neighboring districts for the meeting.

President Mr. W. O. Litchfield and Mrs. Litchfield have large luncheon party, as do most members.

Miss Rae Eccleston, of Cottage Creek, Cooma, is very thrilled at her win with her horse Glen Flight in one of the "grass-eaters' races."

After the races, Mr. and Mrs. Leon Hewett, of Warrawee, Cooma, hold a large cocktail party, and then guests go on to attend the Race Ball.

• • •

GREAT interest in Lismore in wedding on March 10 of Cila Melville and Dr. Jim Opie.

Jim comes from well-known Lismore medical family, and is the son of Dr. and Mrs. A. J. Opie. Cila is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Norman Melville, and is a Science graduate of Sydney University.

• • •

BRIEFLY: Nancy Sawyer is down from her station home in Bethungra for holiday in the city . . . Captain and Mrs. John Anneley, who arrived recently from England, have taken a flat in Macleay Street . . . Honeymooning at Surfers' Paradise are Dr. James O'Keefe, of Cooma, and his bride, formerly "Jo" Pederson, of Rose Bay . . . Mrs. Philip Berry Smith's ankle-length decollete ballerina dance frock of black chiffon is worn with ballerina hair-do to match . . . Mrs. Horton Brown, down for few weeks' holiday, tells me Young Picnic Races will be held on May 21 . . . M. and Mme. P. Laurent are off for Pacific holiday in New Caledonia.

Joyce

V.A.D. CLUB. The Lady Mayoress (Mrs. R. J. Bartley), who opens the new Red Cross V.A.D. Club in Red Cross House, is first to sign club's visitors' book. With her are (from left): Mrs. H. Caldecott, Miss Gweneth Williams, and Miss Persia Porter.

COUNTRY VISITORS. Mr. and Mrs. Henry White, of Talbragan station, Coolah, and Mrs. Paul Martin, of Rotherwood, Cassilis, who are in Sydney for a seaside holiday, lunch together at Prince's.

FROM MELBOURNE. Mrs. M. E. Staughton, a visitor from Melbourne (left), shares a joke at Prince's with Mrs. Don Hudson (centre) and Mrs. Fergus Canny.

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ALL JOYCES SAY
joyce
CALIFORNIA

TALL BLACKS, TOWN BLACKS
—"black is black is black" in this trio of suavely sueded Joyces. Top left, *Terrace Coolie;* top right, *Best Beau;* bottom, *Bantam.*
AT BETTER STORES THROUGHOUT AUSTRALIA

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An hour when Gossard foundations magically mould lovely curves to lovelier allure .. when figure silhouettes are transformed by Gossard foundations into lines of contoured loveliness.

GLORIFY YOUR FIGURE WITH

THE Gossard LINE OF BEAUTY

1 **POLITICAL AMBITION** makes Hamer Radshaw (Michael Redgrave) determined to become national figure. Ann (Rosamund John), an idealist too, falls in love with him.

2 **KEEN OPPOSITION** to Hamer's growing power is started by opponents. Elderly Earl (Sir S. Hicks) tries to force Hamer's employer, Hannaway (Bernard Miles), to dismiss him.

3 **AT MINERS' MEETING** in Wales, Hamer brandishes family sword which is his talisman and foolishly urges men to direct action. Their unrest results in tragedy.

4 **MILITANT SUFFRAGETTE,** Ann, who now is Hamer's wife, takes part in street demonstration. The publicity angers Hamer, who has become a leading political figure.

5 **REUNITED** after Ann has served a prison term for her part in suffragette activities, Hamer and his wife return together happily to their home to share his new honors.

6 **FATALLY ILL** as result of prison life, Ann is taken to Switzerland. Before she dies she tells Hamer she believes he has discarded his early fine ideals because of his politics.

FAME IS THE SPUR

PRODUCED by the Boulting Brothers, from Howard Spring's well-known novel, this English film tells the cynical story of a politician who throws away his youthful ideals.

It is suggested that "Fame is the Spur" drew its inspiration from a well-known British politician of this generation.

Released by G.B.D., the film has been called a "documentary de luxe." Michael Redgrave returned recently to the London stage, though he will continue to make films occasionally.

Co-star Rosamund John recently completed a starring role in the drama, "When The Bough Breaks."

7 **YEARS LATER,** Hamer, now Lord Renshaw of Handforth, causes some cynical comments at dinner party when his former brilliance as a speaker fails him as he tries to relate the success story of his long career. Other guests lose interest.

8 **ALONE AT HOME** Hamer looks sadly at the sword which was the symbol on which he had based his life.

FOR CAREFREE HAPPY FEET

Your feet won't object to long walks or other recreation, even after a hard day, if you give them regular care and the benefit of this splendid Zam-Buk treatment. Start to-night! After bathing feet in warm water, dry thoroughly. Then rub Zam-Buk freely into ankles, soles, insteps and in between the toes.

Those who suffer from their feet will find real comfort from Zam-Buk. It soothes away the soreness and pain, reduces swelling, and makes the skin supple and healthy. Sore toes, chafing, and blisters are soon healed if you smear with Zam-Buk and cover with lint. Corns are softened for quick removal.

Zam-Buk not only keeps the feet healthy and comfortable, but is excellent also for cuts, bruises, burns, insect bites, pimples, rashes and many other common skin complaints.

Zam-Buk

The Grand Herbal Ointment

FABRICS BY WONDOFLEX

WONDOFLEX

SPARKLING WOOL BOUCLE

AT ALL LEADING SALONS AND FASHION HOUSES

New Cream Deodorant safely Stops Perspiration

1 Does not irritate skin. Does not rot dresses and men's shirts.
2 Prevents under-arm odor. Stops perspiration safely.
3 A pure, white, antiseptic, stainless vanishing cream.
4 No waiting to dry. Can be used right after shaving.
5 Laboratory tests prove ARRID is entirely harmless to any fabrics.

Arrid is the largest selling deodorant. Try a jar to-day!

ARRID

2/- a jar At all chemists & stores selling toilet goods
Also in 9½d. Jars
Distributors: Fassett & Johnson Ltd., Sydney.

BABY CRAFT

WELCOME ADVICE TO BUSY MOTHERS

No one in the world is more busy than the mother of a tiny baby, but she doesn't mind so long as her little one is healthy and happy.

Health and happiness are the natural outcome of regularity. If the little system is kept functioning correctly from the beginning, so much anxiety can be avoided. So why not get Steedman's Powders right away?

Known to three generations, Steedman's are universally recognised as the safest and gentlest aperient from teething time to fourteen years. Promoting healthy regularity without harmful purging, they are obtainable everywhere. Look for the double EE on the wrapper to be sure you get the genuine Steedman's.

They are made solely by JOHN STEEDMAN & CO., DEPT. J., Walworth Road, London, S.E.17.

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"MARRIED IN 1892,

Mrs. Vincent is still a VELVET SOAP user!"

says Aunt Jenny

Well known for her welfare work is charming 79-year-old Mrs. S. Vincent, "Como," Albury, N.S.W.! Married 55 years ago, Mrs. Vincent has found Velvet Soap a valuable friend. Read her interesting story.

(Original letter on our files.)

"IMAGINE—it's 23 years since my son Ronald gave me this bed quilt," says Mrs. Vincent, "and just look—there's not a break in it. Of course, I've always washed it in Velvet's gentle suds, and that's had a great deal to do with keeping it good!" That's what all good housewives say, isn't it, ladies?

FABRICS WASHED WITH ORDINARY SOAPS—seen under a magnifying glass—look frayed and worn out, because hard rubbing is necessary with skimpy, inferior lather. And look how those weary-willy suds leave dirt ingrained in the weave!

FABRICS WASHED WITH VELVET SOAP—seen under a magnifying glass—stay strong as new, year after year, because no hard rubbing is needed with Velvet's extra-soapy suds. And not a trace of dirt left behind.

Tune in every morning Monday to Thursday "AUNT JENNY'S REAL-LIFE STORIES"

J. KITCHEN & SONS PTY. LTD. V.137.32.

Housework is hard

. . . until you find relief from

BACKACHE

No wonder housework is hard . . . no wonder there seems more to do than one pair of hands can possibly manage . . . for backache turns the most ordinary of tasks into weary toil. But when backache is due to sluggish kidneys, that is a trouble you can soon put right. Yes, SOON . . . because many women gain relief simply by relying on De Witt's Pills to restore proper kidney action.

To so many women, De Witt's Pills are a reliable standby . . . an unfailing source of relief from backache. So, if you have this heavy burden of backache, De Witt's Pills come to you with the heartfelt recommendations of grateful people all around you. Get a bottle from your chemist to-day.

DeWitt's KIDNEY AND BLADDER **Pills**

Made specially to relieve the pain of Backache, Rheumatism, Joint Pains, Sciatica and Lumbago. Prices 3/- and 5/9.

Genius Working

Continued from page 11

DISBROW said brightly: "It's a straight radio campaign. No other media, so you boys have to carry the mail. Evans, how's the man's production set-up?"

"He can go all out as soon as the orders start pouring in. Naturally, he isn't going to plunge into production until he sees how the public responds. That's our baby."

"What's his name?" asked Castle.

Evans frowned. "It's Knits," he said. "Simon R. Knits, spelled K-N-I-T-S."

"H'm," Castle said. "S-T—say, this is tough!"

"Well, here's all the data," Evans said. He gave each of the writers a neat folder. "Formula and all, and passed by the pure food and drug people. So go to it."

"We'll give it top priority, chief," Castle said, "complete with label designs for the bottle, campaign and slogans, and radio."

"That's the spirit," Disbrow said.

Outside the door, Harvey Renner looked at Castle malignantly. "And just how did you know that remedy was going to be a bottled product?"

"Isn't it?" asked Castle airily.

"You've been briefed in advance!" Renner said. "You and Evans framed the whole thing so you'd get a head start and look good. I ought to punch——"

"Ah ah!" Castle smirked, holding up a finger. "Temper!"

He walked out, leaving Harvey staring after him with fists inadequately clenched; he was in the same position when Edna Mae found him a moment later.

"Well, you look frustrate!" she said.

"Those chiselers!" Harvey said. "And you—making puns."

"Tell Mama."

His knees melted and he gave her a smile of sickly adoration. It was a little while before he could remember what had been troubling him.

She crinkled her eyes at his torrent of protest, tutted in concern at his indictment of Castle's integrity, and patted him sympathetically on the arm.

"Don't you worry" she said. "Even if they did frame you, you can still write rings around Castle. Just go in and show 'em who's the old master."

"But he's got a head start!"

"They'll need it," she said. "You're still tops."

"I'll do it!" he said. "They'll learn that Renner spelled backwards is still Renner!"

"I'll bet that's how you got into the business in the first place," she said. "Listen, if you want some help typing your brochure I'll be free around four."

When Harvey brought in his copy Edna Mae stared at the sheaf of papers. "Writing books yet," she said.

"I forgot and made three carbons," he explained. "I'll throw these extra copies away. But read the deal and see if it sounds okay to you."

She read it with a complete lack of expression. It is considered very bad form for an agency critic to show any sign of approval or disapproval on a first reading. Such a demonstration would detract from the final, measured opinion.

But when she laid the copy down at last, Edna Mae looked at Harvey with undisguised awe in her eyes. "Love that man!" she breathed. "It's genius! He's invented a new complaint!"

"You like that angle?"

"Like it? It's sensational! Think of *selling* a remedy to people just because they feel too good. You're in," she said. "They'll never top this."

Harvey Renner stood up and smoothed his vest.

"Morning will be time enough for it," he said. "And don't think I'll forget your help, Miss—Edna Mae."

He went into the conference room next morning with Edna Mae's crisp brochure under his arm, and serenity in his soul. He looked at the bewhiskered face of Compton Yates, 1871-1933, and in his mind's eye beside it he saw James Disbrow, 1900-1950, and Harvey Renner—?

Yates, Disbrow, and Renner. It had a ringing sound. Renner & Disbrow, The Renner Agency.

"Well, Harvey!" boomed Disbrow.

Harvey jumped guiltily out of the big chair at the end of the conference table. They had all come in together, Disbrow and Evans and Castle, which would have been a danger sign had not Harvey been armed with his idea. He snuggled the brochure under his arm and smiled.

"I'm expecting great things," Evans said.

"I've got a little something——" Harvey began.

"Wait a minute!" Castle said. "I think I've got something. Mind you, I'm only thinking out loud. But it seems to me we're to have to merchandise this product on a totally new appeal. We can't just climb on board the good old acid stomach, or the cold that hangs on, or loss of pep—fine as those are, we need something more."

They leaned forward tensely, Evans with his jaw dropping. Disbrow forgetting to puff on his cigar. A feeling of uneasiness crept over Harvey Renner.

"I have it!" Castle repeated. "Of course you all know the word euphoria—means a sense of well-being, of radiant health. We'll call this product Euphoria! We'll peddle it this way! 'Do you feel better sometimes than you do other times? Do you have your ups and downs? Then learn what Euphoria can do for you! We'll get the sick and the well! We'll——"

"Sensational!" Evans said.

Harvey Renner sat rigid, stunned, listening to Castle elaborate on the ideas in Harvey's own brochure. Not word for word—he was actually improving on parts of it—but closely enough to rule out any chance of coincidence.

He stood it as long as he could, and then, white and silent, he got up and walked out of the room. Behind him Disbrow said, "Harvey, wait a minute. Listen!" But he closed the door softly behind him, and walked over to where Edna Mae sat enthroned behind her desk.

"You!" he said. "You betrayed me! You gave him my brochure—my idea! You——" He stopped. She was smiling.

"But naturally" she said. "After all, getting it across is the main—Harvey! Wait a minute! Where are you going?"

But Harvey was gone, this time out of the door of the agency and hatless into the street. He walked through a blur of people and traffic, and it was not for a number of blocks that he remembered the brochure still under his arm. Tearing it up, he tossed it behind him.

Had any man ever had it so bad? he wondered. His brain-child stolen and his future wrecked by a clown in motley and a hussy with soft tips. He was betrayed and despised.

"Wake up, laddie," said a harsh voice.

A rough hand turned him and pointed back along the street, where a straggling line of paper fragments marked his passing. The policeman frowned at him.

"There's a law agin throwing trash on the city streets. I've a good mind to make you pick up every piece with your teeth!"

Harvey wasn't listening. He was thinking that this round, red face in front of him was a reasonably exact facsimile of Sam Castle's face——

"I'll punch your nose," he muttered.

And, to his own surprise, he did.

Harvey was locked in a quiet, single cell with only vague awareness of his fate.

A hoarse voice broke through his musing. "Come out, you. The young lady's bailin' you."

"I'll see he behaves," said Edna Mae.

Harvey stumbled into the room, and Edna Mae put a protecting arm around his shoulders.

"How did you find me?" he asked.

"That paper you were throwing around had the agency name on it," she said. "They called up, and by then I knew what had happened in the conference."

Stupidly, he said, "By then you knew?"

"Come on," she said. "Mr. Disbrow's just named you a partner in the agency! Castle's been fired, and you've got all his work to do besides your own. Come on, Harvey, they're waiting for us."

"But—but, I don't understand!" said Harvey. It was a corny line, but he could think of none truer.

"Did you think I'd given Sam Castle your idea?" Edna Mae said. "He got one of your own carbons out of your wastepaper basket last night—the janitor saw him! But I'd already put a copy of your brochure on Mr. Disbrow's desk, so the chief knew it was your idea as soon as Sam started talking."

She added sweetly: "I always try to let the chief know things in advance so he can make better snap judgments."

"But what did Disbrow think when I walked out?"

"He thought you were being noble," said Edna Mae. "That's why he made you a partner. I had to write him quite a little speech on integrity to deliver when he announces your elevation. So there's a cocktail party in your honor this afternoon, and you stay away from those girls in the mailing-room, d'you hear?"

Harvey kissed her in a fashion that drew a low, admiring whistle from the listening cop. "Edna Mae," he said solemnly, "I love you so much it hurts!"

"If pain persists or is unusually severe," she said, "see your parson."

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Give Baby Lovely Curls

If far from chemist or store, send postal note or stamps for 3/8 to Curlypet, Box 4155, G.P.O., Sydney, and your Curlypet, with full directions for use, will reach you by return mail.

One month's treatment

Everywhere at chemists and stores. 3/8

CURLYPET

GOT A BOIL?

HERE'S HOW TO GET RELIEF

Apply a ready-to-use ANTIPHLOGISTINE poultice comfortably hot. Almost at once you'll *feel* the *moist heat* go right to work helping to relieve the pain and soreness. You'll *see* how it helps bring the boil to a head. The *moist heat* of ANTIPHLOGISTINE works for several hours bringing soothing relief. Feels good, does good.

GET A TIN FROM YOUR CHEMIST OR STORE.

FOR BOILS—

Antiphlogistine

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Dress Sense by Betty Keep

NEW, full skirts have brought with them the further problem of what petticoats to wear under them. Many require very full and fairly stiff petticoats to make them hang correctly.

This week I am answering a reader who asks about this problem. Here is her letter:

Return of petticoat

"I HAVE made myself a day dress with one of the new very full skirts; it's 13 inches from the ground. Though I consider myself an experienced dressmaker, I am disappointed with the hang of the skirt. It seems to fall in rather cumbersome and ungraceful folds. The material is rather soft; perhaps that is the trouble. Do you think it would be better to remove some of the fullness, or perhaps shorten the hemline?"

Don't do either. Wear your dress over a petticoat. A full-skirted dress with the new, longer hemline, unless it is made in stiff fabric, often needs extra body to keep it from falling in limp folds. Have the petticoat made in crisp cotton with sufficient fullness to make the skirt ripple out in a graceful swirl. It is interesting to note that recent petticoat fashions were strictly a touch of coquetry to add to the ornamental character of a skirt, but 1948 sees the petticoat becoming an important and essential garment designed to give body to the number one silhouette of the season—the long, full skirt.

For travelling

"I AM not sure that my problem is the type you answer, but here's hoping. I am expecting to go to England by boat in a few months' time, and to spend four months in England. As I am beginning to get together my clothes, I would be glad of advice. What clothes are necessary for shipboard life, and life in England? Would it be better to do my buying in London or here? What do you advise?"

On board ship you will dress as you would for a holiday by the sea. You will change at night for dinner, so need some simple dinner dresses. Fussy or elaborate clothes are out of place for travelling.

Smart, washable frocks are in order for general day wear in warm latitudes, and for cold days a sports skirt and sweater or similar clothing.

Be sure to pack a loose finger-tip jacket of wool or the equivalent. Sea breezes are apt to be cool, especially after the sun goes down.

You will need a sports outfit and a pair of crepe-soled shoes for deck games, and remember your sun-glasses.

Your letter did not state the exact time of your departure from Melbourne, but you say "in a few months' time," so it is possible you will arrive in London in cool weather.

Be sure your luggage includes the essentials for an English winter, warm underwear, thick gloves, a raincoat, a heavy topcoat, warm suit, overshoes, umbrella.

These, of course, are just the essentials. The amount and variety of clothes you need depend on the type of life you will be leading during your visit.

If you are going to spend most of your time sight-seeing, the main point is to be warm and comfortable, or cool and comfortable—according to the temperature.

It would certainly be advisable to purchase all the clothes you need in Australia. It would be patriotic, too, not to apply for clothing coupons while you are in England, as their clothing supply is so limited.

• Although it is not possible for me to answer individually letters which arrive from every State on fashion problems, I try to deal with those of interest to the greatest number of readers. If you have a dress problem I can help you with, write to me, addressing your letter to Mrs. Betty Keep, The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney.

THE petticoat is becoming an essential garment to give body to the new, long, full skirt.

Suit smartness

"I AM being married shortly, and would like your help about my travelling outfit. I have definitely decided on a suit, but can't decide on the design. Please give me some information on the latest suit silhouettes, and the latest colors."

A suit would be an excellent choice for a going-away ensemble. Choose a new autumn color, steel-grey, raisin-brown, moss-green; or, if you prefer a pastel, banana-yellow or honey-beige. You can wear a very short or a very long jacket, a slim or a terrifically wide skirt. Whichever line you follow, the silhouette remains the same, shoulders soft and curved, hips rounded, waist small. The suit with a shoulder cape looks new, so does one with a detachable hood. Most jackets have double-breasted fastenings and often cuffed sleeves. A jacket with a large flat collar or short shoulder cape looks new, so does a collar turned up to cup the chin.

Color combinations

"I AM having a steel-grey flannel suit made for autumn, and would like some new ideas for color to offset the grey."

Mocha suede shoes, yellow gloves, and mocha handbag plus a grey hat tied on with yellow chiffon streamers would make an effective team to wear with a grey suit. Or you might wear dark red gloves to match a red carnation, and have chocolate suede for hat, and shoes, and bag. Or again try combining a grey-blue satin skirt with a coral-red hat, and have your gloves, shoes, and bag in earth-brown.

Cut your coat

"MY overcoat from last year is much too short, and unfortunately there is not enough material to lengthen the hemline. What can I do? I can't afford to toss the coat to one side. It's an unbelted box coat with two pockets. The coat is dark brown wool."

If you cut your coat to finger-tip length it will fit right into the autumn fashion picture. Another idea would be to make it into a bolero and trim it with fur, and have a matching fur hat and muff. It could then be worn with a circular skirt in a contrasting color. As the jacket is brown, use Persian lamb for the trim and accessories, and black for the skirt. Brown and black combine well for autumn.

"You sure cleaned that bath in swingtime!"

Smart girls say, "You're sure of a speedy sparkle with fine, white Bon Ami!" Because Bon Ami works without grit . . . doesn't leave the ugly scratches that *hold on to* dirt and double work. It simply *slides* dirt and grease away like magic . . . and *polishes* as it cleans. Leaves sinks and baths shining . . . hands so smooth. Try Bon Ami to-day!

Bon Ami

THE SPEEDY CLEANSER that "hasn't scratched yet!"

Cerebos

SALT OF QUALITY

If Your Gums BLEED—Look Out!

IT MAY BE PYORRHEA

4 OUT OF 5 MAY BE VICTIMS—EVEN YOUNG FOLKS

Handsome, healthy teeth need firm gums. So if your gums are tender or bleed when you brush your teeth, beware! These are often first signs of Pyorrhea, dreaded gum disease with its shrinking gums and loosening teeth. 4 out of 5 may be victims. So, don't take any chances. See your dentist regularly, and at home, massage your gums and brush your teeth twice daily with Forhan's Toothpaste, the only toothpaste which contains R. J. Forhan's D.D.S. *special anti-pyorrhea* astringent.

Your gums will be firmer—better able to ward off infection . . . your teeth will gleam with natural lustre.

With Forhan's you can be safer for, in a recent clinical investigation, 95% of Pyorrhea-threatened cases improved in 30 days. Your whole family will like Forhan's. Buy a tube to-day.

Forhan's

does two jobs

Cleans Teeth—Saves Gums

Price 1/10; extra large tube 2/9

"Forhan's is the only dentifrice containing special anti-pyorrhea astringent"

Australasian Agents: The Sheldon Drug Co. Pty. Ltd., Sydney

TIRED FEET?

Hot, tired feet need this treatment:—A Cuticura Soap bath and Cuticura Ointment application. Try it and enjoy real foot comfort. Cuticura Ointment, Soap and Talcum Powder—the famous trio.

Cuticura OINTMENT

Feather Light... BUT FIRM CONTROL

Strong and supple yet light in weight—these are two things that modern women look for in Foundation garments. — Corlasto Foundations, MADE OF TWO WAY STRETCH ELASTIC NET provide the answer . . . . emphasised by beautiful style and finish.

Corlasto

THE FASHIONABLE FIGURE FOUNDATION

NOVOLINE

THE MODERN BRASSIERE

AT ALL LEADING STORES IN AUSTRALIA

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Essential for Baby's Growth

Because each crisp, golden flake is an unspoiled whole wheat grain, with nothing added except salt and vitamin B_1—the precious element that is so essential to baby's growth — GRANOSE WHOLE WHEAT BISCUITS are ideal for children of all ages. Rich in everything that makes whole wheat such a wonderful food GRANOSE can be served, mixed as a gruel, to children as young as weaning age and continued right through to their teens as a breakfast cereal. Ideal, too, for the nursing mother . . .

GRANOSE

Vitamin Fortified

WHOLE WHEAT BISCUITS

FREE!

Send TO-DAY for your copy of the free Granose booklet "A BOOK ABOUT BABIES." Packed with facts every mother should know about baby's welfare. Simply write the Sanitarium Health Food Company, 148 Fox Valley Road, Wahroonga, N.S.W.

THE SANITARIUM HEALTH FOOD COMPANY

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BLONDE BEAUTY

By . . .
CAROLYN EARLE,
Our Beauty Expert

THE blonde girl should give particular care to high lighting skin, hair, and eyes to make the most of her assets.

BLONDE hair and the delicate, fair skin that usually goes with it are enviable features in themselves, so don't grumble if they are accompanied by light eyes in a sandy setting that seem to give a "pale-wash" effect.

Skilful use of color overcomes that difficulty.

In this article I discuss points that need a little extra care in making the most of blonde coloring.

SKIN. The average fair complexion is fine-grained, dryish, sensitive, and consequently needs special and lavish cleansing, rich lubrication at night, and every protection by day to keep it smooth in all weathers.

With make-up, the aim is to keep the peach-bloom look, to play up all the sunny tints in skin and hair; and here complexion foundations are important, and their selection deserves thought.

To take away the "drab" look often worrying to the medium blonde, a decided pink liquid which gives a warm undertone is perfect. And if the skin is so pale that all rouge looks artificial, a little more of the same liquid added to the cheeks provides a background.

The golden blonde may have a good, healthy skin, but it is often uneven in coloring, mottled, or freckled. A really solid type of foundation will be best here—a cream of the cover-up type, fine for freckles and blemishes alike.

The florid blonde looks lovelier for toning down the red in her skin, and for that a pancake make-up will change, without artificiality, the too-ruddy complexion to a tone of pink-beige or beige-tan.

The silvery blonde, rather unusual in this country, could easily look washed out if care is not taken to emphasise eyes, or lips, or both, so that the pallid monotone of pale skin and light hair is broken.

HAIR. Here is another glamor potential. It may be luxuriant and springy or soft and fine, requiring shampooing at least once weekly (usually twice), possibly a non-injurious brightening application once a month, and a not very strong perm. about every four or five months.

Nowadays color rinses to infuse sparkle into natural locks, or highlight dull, drab hair, are most popular, and they are an immense improvement on the peroxides and ammonias which many women previously used far too freely.

Adding peroxide to the rinsing water after every shampoo is an unfailing method of ruining the hair, making it drier and drier till at last it breaks off in short ends and becomes brassy and lifeless.

The pitfall for owners of fair hair in general seems to be in concentrating on color rather than on the texture and condition of the hair itself. Yet the routine paths of regular brushing, massaging, sunning, and shampooing will produce a lovely glint appeal.

Where the hair is determinedly drab, of course, expertly applied rinses bring about wonderful changes.

EYES. May be a "difficult" feature. Enormous dark blue ones with long lashes are lovely, but rare. The trick is to make them look as if they were, and although eye make-up is the most rewarding of all beauty habits, it also needs the most patience.

You've got to be careful here, then. Mascara, eye-shadow, and pencil will give the eyes nice definition, as distinct from accentuation.

Some light eyes are influenced greatly by color; they seem to change with clothing or eye make-up tones.

Where this exists, there is a lot of scope for experimenting with various eye-shadow colors for best effect.

To thicken sparse brows and lashes and give them sheen, apply a drop of castor oil every night as a tonic, using a clean eyelash brush, coaxing the brows smoothly into place, lashes from the roots, up and out.

Soft and youthful in effect are the golden lashes with only the tips browned instead of the entire length of the lash.

Is your child ready for school?

BY MEDICO

MRS. M. told me that her son John was just five, but she was not sure if he was ready to start school.

"His age in years is not as important as his degree of development, both socially and mentally," I told her.

"How would I know whether he is sufficiently developed?" asked Mrs. M.

"Medical science has drawn up a list of 'maturity indicators,' as they are called. I'll write them out for you, so that you can have something definite on which to make a decision. Here they are:

- Is he willing to leave you for five hours a day, five days a week, for thirty weeks a year?
- Has he the physical stamina to do this?
- Can he attend to his own toilet at school?
- Has he learnt to wash his hands after going to the toilet, and before he eats food?
- Is he able to take off his outer garments by himself, and hang them in the proper place?
- Has he been immunised against diphtheria, whooping-cough, and tetanus?
- Has he had his vision and hearing tested?
- Is he satisfied, from mixing with other children of his age, that going to school is "the thing to do"?
- Can he easily understand and talk with other children?
- Can he sit still and read a book, or do something with his hands, for at least ten minutes at a time?
- Is he able to co-operate with an adult authority other than his mother and father?
- Can he recognise in pictures or real life such different objects as a cat, dog, horse, elephant, shoe, bird, motor-car, chair, table, boat?

"It all boils down to whether your boy is mature enough to take advantage of the next stage in the growing-up process," I told her.

[All names in these articles are fictitious.]

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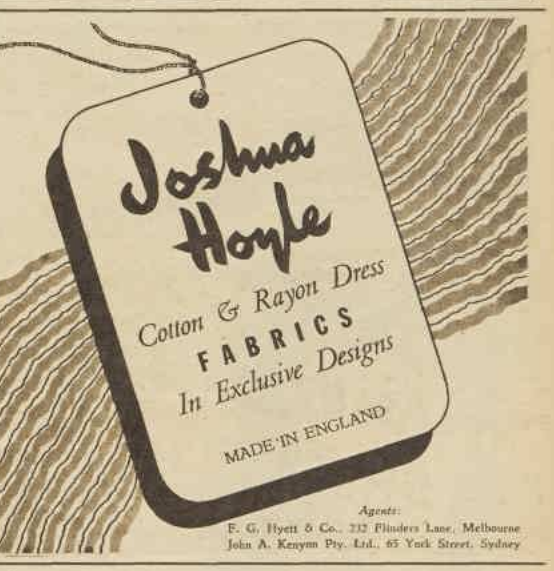

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AT CHEMISTS SALONS AND STORES

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In middle age, or later in life, there is no real reason why you should feel listless, depressed and run-down. You can keep fit and active . . . in step with the pace of business life, or on top of the strain of heavy home responsibilities. Don't let the race go to more active competitors — take WINCARNIS, the "quick action" tonic. WINCARNIS is a rich full bodied wine, blended with nourishing ingredients, and containing essential fortifying elements and vital foods which stimulate the brain and nerves and nourish the entire body. You'll feel the first sip doing you good. Many thousands of recommendations from medical men testify to its high recuperative value. Ask for WINCARNIS . . . the "Quick Action" tonic.

★ "A millionaire could not buy a better cleaner than this Hoover, Madam!"

★ Overheard in the show-room of an Authorised Hoover Dealer.

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Here are the tenderest, sweetest peas you ever tasted . . . full of garden-fresh flavour . . . just as though you picked them out of your own garden today! Heinz peas are grown in Australia's "garden", in north west Tasmania; where the soil is rich, the rainfall just right. Picked the moment they're perfect. Cooked and packed the same day, right on the spot in the midst of the fields . . . for you to enjoy all the year 'round. Clever housewives know that most of the year, Heinz peas are actually cheaper than peas in the pod. They save time and work too — no shelling. Just bring them to the boil and serve. They're delicious. Two sizes — 30 oz. (family size) and 16 oz. Two varieties — Heinz Green Peas and Heinz "SMALL" Green Peas. If you like the extra delicate sweetness of young, small peas, ask your grocer for Heinz "SMALL" peas . . . they cost a fraction more . . . and you'll agree they're worth it.

ONE OF THE 57 VARIETIES

Picked the moment they're perfect

HEINZ Green Peas

H. J. HEINZ CO. PTY. LTD., MELBOURNE, SYDNEY, BRISBANE, ADELAIDE

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PICTURED ABOVE are three ways to serve chicken: Chicken Maryland, chicken and pineapple salad, and small, hot ramekins filled with chicken a la King.

Chicken Dishes

● Chicken will retain its delicate flavor only if it is prepared and cooked carefully.

By Our Food and Cookery Experts

IT is important to cleanse thoroughly the inside of poultry before cooking. The best way to do this is to hold the bird under a running tap and allow a strong stream of water to pour through it. Then drain well and pat dry with a clean cloth.

If the bird is past its first youth it may be made tender by steaming 1½ to 2 hours before roasting.

Stuff and truss as for roasting, place breast side up in steamer in large pan with sufficient boiling water to create a good volume of steam.

Cover closely, place pan on asbestos mat and steam steadily 1½ to 2 hours or until tender.

Proceed as for roast chicken, reducing baking time to ¾ hour wrapped, and a further ½ hour unwrapped to brown.

The mild, sweet flavor of chicken should not be spoiled by strongly flavored stuffing—use onion, herbs, salt and pepper with discretion.

Young birds have smooth legs and feet, soft gelatinous bones, and end of breast-bone is soft and pliable.

CHICKEN MARYLAND

One chicken, 2 slices onion, thin piece lemon rind, sprig of parsley, water, 1 tablespoon flour, ¼ teaspoon salt, pinch cayenne pepper, egg glazing, browned breadcrumbs, fat for frying.

Cut chicken into pieces for serving. Place in large saucepan with water to cover bottom of pan. Add onion, lemon rind, parsley. Cover closely, steam 20 to 25 minutes. Drain, pat dry, allow to become cold. Coat with seasoned flour, dip in egg glazing, toss in crumbs. Stand ½ hour. Dip again in egg glazing and toss again in crumbs. Brown well on all sides in hot fat. Transfer (with fat) to baking dish, cover with greased paper and bake in moderate oven (350deg. F.) 35 to 40 minutes until chicken is tender. Serve piping hot with grilled bacon rolls, potato straws, baked tomato halves, and green peas.

CHICKEN A LA KING

Two cups diced cooked chicken, 1 tablespoon margarine or butter, 2 scant tablespoons flour, ¼ teaspoon salt, 2 cups milk, 1 tablespoon diced parboiled red pepper, 2 egg-yolks, 1 dessertspoon lemon juice, pinch cayenne pepper.

Melt margarine or butter, add flour, cook 2 or 3 minutes without browning. Stir in milk, continue stirring until boiling. Add salt, diced red pepper (reserving a little to garnish), egg-yolks, lemon juice, and cayenne. Pill into ovenware ramekin dishes; reheat if necessary in moderate oven, but do not allow to boil. Garnish with balance of red pepper before serving. For special occasions add 5 or 6 sauted mushrooms (cut into 6 or 8 pieces according to size).

CHICKEN SALAD

Two cups diced cooked chicken, ½ cup diced celery, 2 tablespoons diced parboiled red or green pepper (or both), 3 tablespoons mayonnaise, tomatoes, hard-boiled eggs, sliced pineapple, curled celery, lettuce.

Combine chicken, celery, and red or green pepper. Toss lightly with mayonnaise. Spoon into lettuce cups, arrange on salad platter with halved hard-boiled eggs, sliced pineapple, tomato wedges, and curled celery. Serve extra mayonnaise in a separate bowl.

CURRIED CHICKEN PIE

Two cups finely diced cooked chicken, 1 scant tablespoon margarine or butter, 1 teaspoon chopped onion, 3 dessertspoons flour, 1 teaspoon curry powder, salt to taste, 2 cups milk, squeeze of lemon juice, about 1 dozen 2in. rings of fried bread.

Melt margarine or butter, brown onion lightly, add flour, curry powder, salt. Cook 2 or 3 minutes. Add milk, stir until boiling. Fold in chicken, add lemon juice. Turn into casserole dish, cover top with rings of fried bread. Reheat in moderate oven and serve garnished with lemon and parsley.

BRUNSWICK STEW

One fowl (about 3lb.), ½ teaspoon salt, 2 tablespoons diced onion, thin piece lemon rind, 1½ cups skinned, chopped tomatoes, 1½ cups tinned sweet corn, 1 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce, 1 teaspoon butter, pinch cayenne pepper, chopped parsley.

Wash fowl, cut into joints. Place in boiling water to cover simmer 1 to 1½ hours until almost tender. Add salt, onion, lemon rind. Simmer a further ½ hour or until quite tender. Drain, cut all flesh from bones, cutting into chunky pieces. Combine tomatoes, corn, butter, Worcestershire sauce, and cayenne. Add chopped fowl, simmer 15 to 20 minutes. Serve piping hot sprinkled with chopped parsley.

CHICKEN CREOLE

One 2½lb. to 3lb. chicken, 3 or 4 rashers fat bacon, 1 medium-size onion, salt and pepper to taste, 3 or 4 tomatoes, 2 cups water, 1 tablespoon chopped parsley, sprig of thyme, 2 cups cooked spaghetti.

Remove rind from bacon, cut into dice. Fry slowly in heavy saucepan until crisp, remove. Cut prepared chicken into joints brown lightly in hot bacon fat. Add sliced onion, and brown. Return bacon to saucepan, adding tomatoes, thyme, salt, pepper, and water. Simmer 1½ to 2 hours or turn into covered casserole and cook 1½ to 2 hours in moderate oven. Lift chicken joints on to hot serving-dish, fold spaghetti into sauce, and reheat. Pour over and around chicken, sprinkle with chopped parsley.

Continued on page 34

"AEROPHOS," THE MODERN RAISING INGREDIENT . . . CONTAINED IN ALL LEADING BRANDS OF SELF-RAISING FLOUR AND BAKING POWDER

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● This famous trademark of quality foods is taken from the Eastern Rosella, the beautiful Australian parrot which is found in Southern Queensland, New South Wales, Victoria, South Australia, and Tasmania.

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SYMBOL OF AUSTRALIA'S FINEST FOOD PRODUCTS

USE UP left-over cooked vegetables by combining with curry-flavored sauce and filling into freshly cooked pancakes. See pancake recipe below.

These win cash prizes

● Seasonal, home-tested recipes win cash prizes every week for enterprising readers.

FIRST prize in our recipe contest this week is awarded for tomato and sausage turnovers.

Eaten hot with sauce and vegetables, or packed cold into the lunch box or picnic basket, they are good, wholesome, and economical.

When making the green tomato chutney, remember that chutneys, pickles, and sauces must be cooked in enamel-lined vessels and stirred with a wooden spoon.

Vinegar has a harmful effect on metal spoons and pans.

Melted paraffin-wax (poured into jars when contents have cooled) makes the most satisfactory seal.

For safety, pour in another thin layer when first has cooled and set.

TOMATO AND SAUSAGE TURNOVERS

Two cups self-raising flour, ½ teaspoon salt, 3 dessertspoons margarine or good clean fat, ½ cup milk, ½lb. sausage meat, pinch herbs, 1 dessertspoon chopped parsley, 1 teaspoon grated onion, 1 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce, salt and pepper to taste, 2 medium-sized skinned tomatoes.

Sift flour and salt, rub in shortening, mix to a dry dough with milk. Turn on to floured board, roll to thin oblong shape. Cut into 8 or 10 squares. Combine meat, herbs, onion, sauce, salt, and pepper. Stir over low heat until meat changes color. Stir in parsley. Shape into 8 or 10 round, flat cakes. Place one on each pastry square, top with a thick slice of tomato. Moisten edges of pastry, fold corners into centre, pressing lightly together. Brush with milk, place on greased oven tray.

Bake in hot oven (450deg F.) 20 to 25 minutes. Serve hot with brown vegetable sauce or tomato sauce.

First Prize of £1 to Mrs. C. H. Briggs, Bagotville, via Lismore, N.S.W.

GREEN TOMATO CHUTNEY

Seven pounds tomatoes, 1lb. apples, 1lb. onions, 1lb. sultanas (or seeded raisins), 1lb. brown sugar, 1 tablespoon salt, 1oz. ground ginger, 1 clove garlic, 1 or 2 small red chillies, 1 pint vinegar, ½ cup lemon juice.

Chop tomatoes roughly, simmer in own liquid until soft. Rub through coarse strainer. Add diced apples (peeled and cored), diced onions, sultanas or raisins, sugar, salt, ginger, crushed garlic, chopped chillies, vinegar and lemon juice. Boil gently, stirring frequently, 2 to 2½ hours or until thick. Bottle into hot, dry jars, seal and label when cold.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. J. H. Dempsey, c/o Mrs. Hinch, Farm 1600, Leeton, N.S.W.

HONEY OAT FINGERS

Three-quarters cup brown sugar, 1 cup plain flour, 1 cup coconut, 2 cups rolled oats, ½ teaspoon grated lemon rind, ½ cup chopped nuts (or more if desired), ½ cup shortening, 1 heaped tablespoon honey, 1 level teaspoon bi-carbonate soda dissolved in 1 tablespoon boiling water.

Combine sugar, flour, coconut, oats, lemon rind, and nuts. Mix well. Melt shortening, add honey and dissolved soda. Pour into dry ingredients, mixing well. Press into greased baking-dish, flattening well.

Bake in moderate oven (350deg. F.) 25 to 30 minutes until well browned. Cut into squares or finger lengths while still hot, allow to cool in tin.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. C. Taylor, Main St., Drouin, Vic.

CARROT MARMALADE

Four large carrots, 4 lemons, 4 pints water, 4lb. sugar.

Wash and scrub carrots, do not peel. Grate on coarse grater, place in large bowl. Wash and slice lemons thinly, remove seeds. Add to grated carrot. Cover with the water, stand overnight. Turn into preserving pan, cook quickly 1½ hours, or until lemons are quite tender. Add warmed sugar, cook quickly until it "jells" when tested on cold saucer—about 1 hour. Pour into hot, dry jars, seal and label when cold.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. M. Longe, 51 Gregory Terrace, Brisbane.

SAVORY PANCAKES

Sift 1 cup flour, ½ teaspoon baking powder, pinch salt. Add 1 unbeaten egg, then gradually add ½ cup milk, beating until smooth. Cook 2 tablespoonfuls at a time until set and browned underneath.

Turn to brown. Fill and roll, place on plate over boiling water to keep hot.

CHICKEN DISHES . . . from page 33

GRILLED CHICKEN

Grilling-chicken should be no larger than 1½ to 2lb. Split in two down the back and open out. Wash well in cold water, dry thoroughly. Brush with melted bacon fat, dust lightly with salt and pepper. Place under red-hot griller, reduce heat slightly, and grill 20 to 30 minutes. Turn chicken 3 or 4 times during cooking and keep well brushed with melted bacon fat. Serve immediately with grilled pineapple slices or grilled tomato-halves, browned potato slices, and green peas.

ROAST SEASONED CHICKEN

One chicken or fowl, 2 cups soft white breadcrumbs, 1 tablespoon finely diced fat ham or bacon, 1 dessertspoon finely chopped onion, 1 dessertspoon chopped parsley, ½ teaspoon chopped marjoram or thyme, pinch grated lemon rind, grate of nutmeg, 1 egg-yolk, salt and pepper to taste, 2 rashers fat bacon.

Combine crumbs, ham or bacon, onion, parsley, herbs, lemon rind, nutmeg, salt and pepper. Bind with egg-yolk. Fill into chicken, skewer or tie securely. Take a piece of strong brown paper, large enough to wrap bird. Grease thoroughly on both sides. Place bird on paper with bacon rashers spread on breast. Wrap into a parcel, secure with clean string or large pins. Place in baking dish with small quantity hot fat. Bake in moderate oven (350deg. F.) 1½ to 1¾ hours. Remove paper, baste bird and continue cooking until browned. Serve with brown gravy, baked vegetables, and greens.

Some things you just can't mask, Pigeon!

Cute costume, slave girl. But what good is your masquerade if underarm odour gives you away? Don't take chances. Rely on *Mum*.

Tonight's bath was fine . . . for washing away *past* perspiration. But to guard against *future* underarm odour, play safe—use *Mum*!

Snow-white *Mum* is gentle, harmless to skin and fabrics. *Mum* gives sure protection against underarm odour all day or evening.

Mum

TAKES THE ODOUR OUT OF PERSPIRATION

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in his Persil Dazzle shirt . . . knocks the stuffing out of old Dan Ordinary-White. That's because Persil suds are oxygen-charged. They shift even deep-down dirt — not some of it . . . not most of it . . . but ALL of it! Persil makes whites glowy-white — the whitest white of all.

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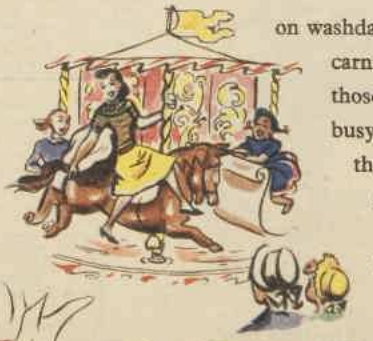

on washdays when you see your carnival coloureds. For those Persil suds are regular busy-bodies at coaxing out the grime — leaving coloureds gay as clowns, fresh as a breeze. Persil washes brightest because it washes cleanest.

It's Persil's oxygen that puts the

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What every mother should know about Milk of Magnesia

Here are a few important things that most mothers already know—and every mother **should** know—about Milk of Magnesia.

1. In addition to being a corrective for minor stomach upsets, it is an **ideal** gentle laxative. No pain. No embarrassing urgency. Just a mild natural action.

2. For babies, NYAL Milk of Magnesia after every feed prevents "wind," ensures regular habits, helps digestion and prevents sour stomach.

3. For growing children, NYAL Milk of Magnesia relieves minor stomach upsets. It protects young teeth and gums as well.

4. For adults, NYAL Milk of Magnesia helps relieve discomfort of heartburn and acid indigestion. It has a mild laxative effect.

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MILK OF MAGNESIA

Two forms, Sweetened and Regular, in two sizes, 1/6 and 2/6. Sold only by chemists.

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MOUSY BLONDES — FADED BRUNETTES

you can LIGHTEN your hair OR you can DARKEN your hair

4-6 LOVELIER LUSTROUS SHADES OF YOUR OWN NATURAL COLOUR with

these AMAZING NEW **"MAKE-UP"** SHAMPOOS

STA-BLOND *for Fair Hair*

— MAKES IT LIGHTER

If your once fair hair has already darkened to a "sort of" colour—mousy, fairish, brownish. Sta-blond will make it 4-6 shades lighter, make it a definite "fair" without ugly bleaching. Sta-blond will keep natural fair hair from going dark.

BRUNITEX *for Dark Hair*

— MAKES IT DARKER

Enriches and deepens the natural colour of darker hair by 4-6 shades—even those "in-between" tones, not quite black nor brown. Brunitex gives definite colour and beauty to unattractive dark brown and black hair—without ugly dyeing.

Both STA-BLOND and BRUNITEX new "Make-up" Shampoos contain the wonderful new discoveries—Lanol, Calophol and Colocel. These feed back the natural oil into the hair roots, stop "dry scalp" and dandruff, stimulate healthy growth, thickness and beauty—make your hair easy to manage. Wonderful for children's hair. Contain no injurious dyes or bleaches. Try STA-BLOND or BRUNITEX "Make-up" Shampoo today—See what your friends say tomorrow.

STA-BLOND AND BRUNITEX

"MAKE-UP" SHAMPOOS MAKE YOU PRETTIER!

"Copyright applied for, Robert Routh."

SB.3A.

HERE you see the one-man builder of the house shown on the opposite page examining a finished four-inch redwood door opening into the front patio. He hewed out the solid doors from redwood trees in a nearby mountain. Of course, he had first to cut down the trees. Concrete slabs form the patio.

HARD-WORKING home builder and his family enjoying the first meal prepared and served in their new home. Picture was taken from the sitting-room. While this war veteran was building the home, his wife worked to support the family.

U.S. VETERAN BUILT HIS OWN HOME

★ *These pictures show an attractive house built by a Marine Corps veteran in America.*

He purchased a plot of ground, left his job as a salesman, and labored seven days a week. Having had no experience in carpentry or construction, he used common sense, went to the best available talent for advice, and got it free.

WHEN emptying canned food into jars, remove the label from tin and glue on to jar.

Miss Precious Minutes says:

A LEMON quarter in the second last rinsing water will rid freshly polished silver of any smell from cleaning powders or liquids.

★ ★ ★

IF there's a baby in the house, keep a small kitchen-tidy in the bathroom or nursery for grubby bibs and diapers.

★ ★ ★

KEEP cakes of soap unwrapped in drawers. It imparts lovely fragrance to personal garments; and, 'tis said, keeps moths at bay.

★ ★ ★

IF you set your own hair and it is inclined to lose its curl quickly, sprinkle a little sugar into the water you use to dampen it. The hair stays in place much longer, and is not rendered sticky.

Spring lavender charm

IN the corner of my garden is a splash of lavender-colored loveliness each spring—and the maker of this display is eupatorium megalophyllum.

Two years ago I bought a sturdy stick with four or five big, rather fleshy leaves growing from its top. From this stick has grown a lovely shrub about 4ft. 6in. tall, covered in springtime with misty lavender, fluffy heads, rather resembling an outsized ageratum.

The perfume is subdued and of an almond scent. The bush itself stools rather freely once it has become established, but withstands hard cutting back, which needs to be done immediately after flowering has finished in late spring.

There are several varieties of eupatorium, the best being the light colored variety mentioned above. Another, however, is e. ianthinum which has dark, lilac-colored blooms. Like megalophyllum, ianthinum is frost-tender and needs a very well-sheltered position facing east or north-east.

Both varieties can be raised easily from cuttings. These should consist of sturdy pieces of old wood with a shoot of new season's growth on top. They strike quickly if planted about one-third their depth in moist sand, and will flower the following year.

As a foil for flowering peaches, plums, apricots, and prunus, or a contrasting patch for daffodils, the ageratum bush, as it is commonly called, has few equals.

It also makes an excellent contrast to massed beds of annual dimorphotheca, and blends well with cinerarias, stocks, and nemesia, the sowing time for which is now approaching.—**Our Home Gardener.**

WELL-ESTABLISHED bush of eupatorium megalophyllum, or ageratum bush—a sweet-scented, lavender or lilac colored shrub which flowers prolifically in spring in warm (frost-free) districts.

PLANT at once freesias and daffodils (in beds, borders, or on grassy slopes), jonquils, anemones, ranunculi, ixias, narcissus. All are delightful late winter and early spring flowers and grow easily. Don't forget lachenalia, which asks for reasonably good soil, sunny position, and plenty of water during the flowering season. Hyacinths grow well in a temperate climate, but tulips and lily-of-the-valley in cool climes.

Don't risk the humiliation of dingy teeth. Keep teeth sparkling and the breath fragrant with the New American LISTERINE Tooth Paste with Luster-Foam. It's sold in Blue Banded Tubes.

Eczema Itch Dispelled

Your skin has nearly 50 million tiny seams and pores where germs hide and cause terrible Itching, Cracking, Peeling, Burning, Acne, Ringworm, Psoriasis, Blackheads, Pimples, Foot Itch, and other blemishes. Ordinary treatments give only temporary relief because they do not kill the germ cause. The new discovery, Nixoderm, kills the germs quickly and is guaranteed to give you a soft, clear, attractive, smooth skin, or money back on return of empty package. Get guaranteed Nixoderm from your chemist or store to-day and attack the real cause of many skin troubles. The guarantee protects you.

Nixoderm 2/- & 4/-

For Skin Sores, Pimples, and Itch

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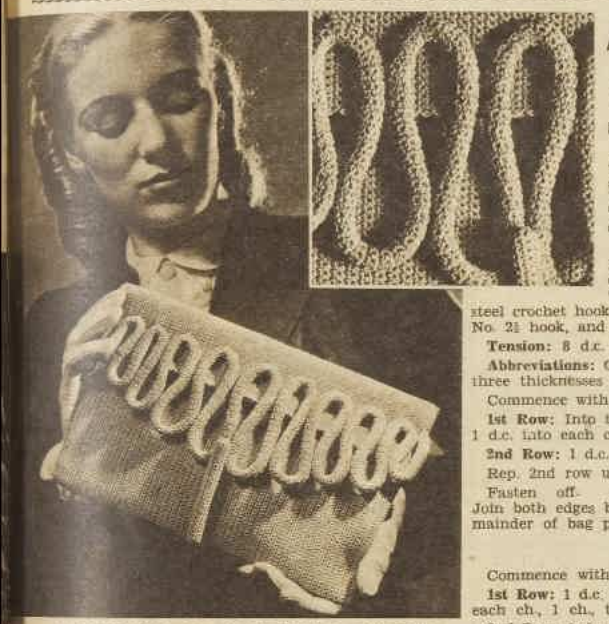
THIS is the five-roomed house that an American Marine Corps veteran built from adobe brick and redwood timber. He has turned down an offer of £5000 for it.



A HANDBAG that can be crocheted in a few hours to match or contrast with favorite outfits.

Smart bag in crochet

THIS crocheted handbag could be made in one or two colors. If it is crocheted in black or brown, white or cream cord makes a smart contrast.

Materials: Coats' mercer-crochet No. 40, 9 balls (20 gram) selected color; piece of buckram and lining to match; 1 press stud; Milward's steel crochet hook No. 2. (Slack workers could use a No. 2½ hook, and tight workers a No. 1½).

Tension: 8 d.c. and 10 rows—1in.

Abbreviations: Ch., chain; d.c., double crochet. Use three thicknesses of thread throughout.

Commence with 147 ch.

1st Row: Into the 2nd ch. from hook work 1 d.c., 1 d.c. into each ch., 1 ch., turn.

2nd Row: 1 d.c. into each d.c., 1 ch., turn.

Rep. 2nd row until piece measures 11½in.

Fasten off. Fold one edge up for 7½in. Join both edges by overcasting together. Turn remainder of bag piece over for flap.

FLAP CORD

Commence with 13 ch.

1st Row: 1 d.c. into 2nd ch. from hook, 1 d.c. into each ch., 1 ch., turn.

2nd Row: 1 d.c. into each d.c., 1 ch. turn.

Rep. 2nd row for 72in. Fasten off. Roll and hem this piece to form a cord. Fold one end of cord backwards and forwards from centre loop to side edge, graduating length of loops, and fastening ends of loops to edge of flap. Finish other side in the same way. (See illustration). Line bag and flap with buckram and lining.

BUTTON

Commence with 31 ch. Work in same manner as bag piece for 13 rows. Fasten off. Cover a 3½in. piece of pencil with lining, then sew crocheted piece over this. Sew one end to cord at centre and fasten at bottom of bag with a press stud.

TO CLEAN YOUR BAG: If in white or other light color, rubbing with block magnesia will freshen it up. However, if it is too soiled, try brushing it lightly with a small brush dipped in sudsy water. Do not allow it to become too wet.

Distinguishing baby's cries

By Sister MARY JACOB, Our Mothercraft Nurse

SOME parents worry when the baby cries, and often think that he cries for much longer than he really does!

Crying is the only way by which a baby can let you know that he wants something.

A moderate amount of crying is good for a baby, as it is exercise for him, especially for his lungs.

The reason for any crying should always be sought and when the cause is discovered—hunger or discomfort of some kind—and removed then the crying should cease.

There are various types of crying—the hunger cry, the fretful cry, the spoilt cry, the cry of pain, etc.—and it is important to learn to distinguish between these.

A leaflet on the subject may be obtained from The Australian Women's Weekly Mothercraft Service Bureau, Scottish House, 19 Bridge Street, Sydney, N.S.W., if a stamped, addressed envelope is enclosed with request.

bright gems for your boudoir...

For you who love beautiful things, Nielsen Slippers are perfect. They are beautifully made, wonderfully comfy . . . and their Nielsen quality is famous. *Illustrated:* "Suzanne," *in quilted satin.*

Nielsen's

"NICE TO COME HOME TO"

From leading stores throughout Australia

NS.12.12

BUSY HANDS NEED SOLVOL DAILY

SOLVOL CLEANS HANDS FASTER

Solvol's rich lather goes down deep . . . whisks away the dirt *four times faster* than ordinary soaps ever can. Solvol's thick, quick lather cleans thoroughly . . . rids your hands of all work-a-day stains. Its gentle action gets hands smooth, will not harm the skin. Always keep Solvol handy, best in the bathroom where the whole family can use it.

SUPERFLUOUS HAIRS

Banish unsightly hairs with the aid of "Vanix." Firstly obtain a bottle of "Vanix" and follow the simple directions. After the first few applications the hairs will become less and less noticeable, then will gradually wither as the

"VANIX"

penetrates deeper and deeper into the hair tissues. Finally the devitalising effects of "VANIX" will destroy the hairs permanently. Obtainable, price 5/11 a bottle (Posted 6/4½), from Hallams Pty., Ltd., 312 George St., Sydney, and all Branches; Myer Emporium, Bourke St., Melb.; Swift's Pharmacy, 370 Little Collins St., Melb.; and Birks Chemists Ltd., 27 and 278 Rundle St., Adelaide.

HEARNE'S BRONCHITIS CURE

WHY WORRY?

When a cough concerns There's always HEARNE'S.

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SPLENDID SELECTION OF *Summer Frocks* TO CLEAR

MAIL ORDERS SUPPLIED

ME1 WW/3—Cosy frock for winter for the larger fittings in all wool worsted Frocking with collar and long rever, Yoke effect and two Pockets on Bodice, Pleats in front of skirt. Plain Back and Tie belt. In shades of Blue (Illustrated), Brown, Black, and Navy. Sizes W. SOS. OS. XOS. XXOS. XXXOS.

Price **38/6** 5 coupons.

ME2 WW/3—Smart casual Frock of Spun Linon in shirtmaker style with yoke effect. Scalloped down centre Front and Buttoned to hemline, with Contrast Buttons. Gored skirt and tie belt. Shades Gold (Illustrated), Sunset Blue, Victory Pink, Sea Green. Sizes W. SOS. OS. XOS. XXOS. XXXOS.

Price **36/-** 8 coupons.

ME3 WW/3— Slenderising Style suitable for the Smart Matron of American Rayon Crepe, Bodice features Pin Tucked panel and fullness over Bust line, Buttoned to waist with covered Buttons and Loops. Pleats in front of skirt lend smartness to this Garment. In shades Heaven Blue (Illustrated), Black and Navy. Sizes W. SOS. OS. XOS. XXOS. XXXOS.

Price **74/-**, 8 coupons.

ME4 WW/3—Afternoon frock for the larger fittings in Printed American Spun Linon. Made with collar and rever and features shaped yoke effect, Buttoned to hemline with Contrast Buttons and has two Pockets on Skirt. In a large range of lovely florals on ground shades of Blue, Rose, Green (Illust.), Dusty Pink, Aqua. Sizes W. SOS. OS. XOS. XXOS. XXXOS.

Price **45/-**, 8 coupons.

"Bramac"

GUARANTEED RUBBERISED RAINCOAT

MQ5 WW/3—"Bromac" Guaranteed rubberised Rayon Rain coats. Special attention has been given to the sleeve of this coat. Note how the sleeve is full at armhole to give freedom of movement when garment is worn over winter attire. Pocket is of the new jetted type. Available in the following marle effects, Dusty (Illustrated), Cherry, Drakeneck Green, Saxe, Brown, Grey. Sizes XSSW. SSW. SW. W. OS.

Price **72/6**, Coupon Free.

GRACE BROS. *Pty. Ltd.*
P.O. *Box 42. Broadway.*

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Fashion PATTERNS

F5034.—One-piece maternity dress with adjustable waistline. In sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 5yds., 36in. material. Price 1/10

F5035.—Three-piece lingerie set in sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 4yds., 36in. material for nightgown; 2½yds., 36in. material for slip; 1yd., 36in. material for scanties. Price 3/6. Transfer 1/6.

F5036.—Tailored one-piece in sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 3yds., 54in. material. Price 1/10.

F5037.—Short-sleeved between-seasons suit in sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 4½yds., 36in. material. Price 1/10.

F5038.—Small girl's one-piece frock. Sizes 18in., 20in., and 23in. length. Requires 2½yds., 36in. material. Price 1/5.

INTERSTATE ADDRESSES

SEND your order for Fashion Patterns (note prices) to Pattern Department at the address given below for your State. Patterns may be obtained from our offices in Sydney, Melbourne, Brisbane, and Adelaide (see address at top of page 17) or by post.

Box 4088W, G.P.O., Sydney.
Box 368A, G.P.O., Adelaide.
Box 491G, G.P.O., Perth.
Box 409P, G.P.O., Brisbane.
Box 185C, G.P.O., Melbourne.
Box 41, G.P.O., Newcastle.
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F5034

F5035

F5036

F5037

F5038

FASHION FROCK SERVICE

"HELEN."—Smartly Styled Frock. The frock is ready to wear, or cut out to make up in American roller-printed rayon of good quality.

It has an outstanding design of falcons in lime, brick-red, royal-blue, or turquoise, outlined in black, with background of white.

Ready to Wear. Sizes: 32 and 34in. bust, 39/11 (8 coupons); 36 and 38in. bust, 84/3 (8 coupons). Postage 1/9½ extra.

Cut Out Only. Sizes: 32 and 34in. bust, 62/6 (8 coupons); 36 and 38in. bust, 67/9 (8 coupons). Postage 1/2½ extra.

N.B.: When ordering Fashion Frock, please make a second color choice to avoid disappointment.

★ PLEASE NOTE! To ensure prompt despatch of orders by post you should: ★ Write YOUR NAME, ADDRESS, and STATE in BLOCK LETTERS. ★ Be sure to include necessary stamps, postal notes, AND COUPONS. ★ State size required. ★ For children's patterns state age. ★ Use box numbers given on this page. ★ C.O.D. orders are not accepted.

984

985

986

987

NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS

No. 984.—FRILLS FOR A LITTLE GIRL

The pretty frock is traced ready to cut out and make up in American spun rayon in shades of pale pink and sky-blue. Sizes: 18in. length, 9/3 (4 coupons); 20in. length, 10/3 (4 coupons); 23in. length, 11/3 (4 coupons). Postage 8½d. extra.

No. 985.—NEEDLEWORK PICTURE

The picture is traced ready to embroider on cream linen. Size 11in. x 14in. Price 3/11 (no coupons). Postage 2½d. extra.

No. 986.—THREE-PIECE DUCHESSE SET

The duchesse set is traced ready to work on pure linen cambric in shades of lemon, green, blue, and ivory. Size: Centre mat, 11in. x 17in., and side mats, 8in. x 8in. Price 6/11 (no coupons). Postage 6½d. extra.

No. 987.—PILLOWCASE FOR BABY

The little pillowcase is traced ready to embroider and make up in pure linen cambric in shades of pink, blue, and white. Size, 14in. x 16in. Price 3/11 (1 coupon). Postage 2½d. extra.

N.B.: When ordering Needlework Notions 984, 985, and 987, please made a second color choice to avoid disappointment.

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I never fail!

Maclean your teeth every morning and every night . . . that's the way to make and keep your teeth sparkling white. Macleans Toothpaste has a most pleasant flavour . . . it tones up the gums and leaves the mouth clean and refreshed.

11d. and 1/4 per tube.

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★ *To keep the beauty of shining hair . . .*

For children and adults there is nothing more beneficial to the hair than regular care with Barry's Tri-coph-erous. This treatment helps prevent falling hair, dandruff, premature greyness, brittle hair, itching scalp.

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